

The Burglar

by Philip Buckland



A Rich Chandler mystery

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CHAPTER I

Dean Connelly, special agent for the FBI station here in Bellingham, Washington was walking through the parking lot of the place where he had been conducting his undercover investigation, so he could go to his car and get into it and go home. He had put in another day of work here at this place. Now it was time for him to go home and rest up and recuperate and do whatever he wanted to do tonight. And then tomorrow, he was going to go back to work.

When Dean, a tall, slender man with the sort of reptilian good looks you associate with a non-poisonous snake, and wearing a green suit, a light blue shirt, no tie, open collar, and black leather shoes, reached his silver gray Bronco, he unlocked it and got

into it, and then he started it up and turned on the radio and drove out of the parking lot and turned onto the street and drove down the street and listened to the radio.

The burnt orange Camaro was parked across the street from the place that Dean was spying on. The driver of the Camaro saw Dean leave the place and started up his car and made a U-turn and drove down the street so he could follow Dean.

He *was* following Dean now. Staying far behind him to make sure he didn't see him, but at the same time, he was keeping Dean in his sights so he won't lose him.

Here inside Dean's car, Dean felt something stick into the back of his head. It felt like it was made of metal.

"Don't turn around," a voice told Dean. "And don't look into the rear mirror, and don't look into the side view mirror. Instead, just look forward."

Dean did what the voice told him to do.

"Now," the voice continued. "Pull over

where you can."

Dean looked for a place to pull over at. Then he found it. Then he pulled up to the curb and brought his car to a complete stop.

"Now," the voice said. "Park the car."

Dean parked the car. Then the person who was in the back seat of the car looked around to make sure that no one was going to see what he was going to do next. No one was here. Then he knocked Dean out by tapping the back of Dean's head with his .38 automatic. Now Dean was out cold. Then the person put his gun into his shoulder holster, and then he got out of the back seat of Dean's car and stood in the street.

He was tall, thin, almost emaciated, had sandy hair, a matching mustache splitting his tapering wolf like features in two, dark green eyes, and he was wearing a white cowboy hat and a white windbreaker and a dark green T-shirt and blue jeans and white tennis shoes.

Then he closed the door to the back seat

of Dean's car, and then he looked around again to make sure no one was going to see what he was going to do now. No one was around. Then he opened the door on the driver's side of the front seat of Dean's car and pushed Dean over to the passenger side of the front seat of Dean's car.

The driver of the Camaro came along and saw what the man with the wolflike features was doing and pulled up to the curb and behind Dean's car and parked his car, and then he got out of *his* car and looked around to make sure no one was going to see what *he* was going to do. He was three inches smaller than the man with the wolflike features, had brown hair, blue eyes, a big nose sticking out of his coarse, pale face, broad shoulders, a thick build, and he was wearing a green windbreaker and a black shirt, no tie, open collar, and brown pants and black tennis shoes.

When he noticed that no one was here, he ran over to the other side of Dean's car

and opened the door on that side of the front seat of Dean's car and helped the man with the wolflike features push Dean over to the passenger side of the front seat of Dean's car by pulling Dean over to the passenger side of the front seat of Dean's car.

When they got Dean on the passenger side of the front seat of Dean's car, the man with the wolflike features took his hat off and put it over Dean's face, and then he got into Dean's car and started it up, and then the other man ran back to the Camaro and got into it and started *it* up, and then the man with the wolflike features pulled away from the curb and into the street and drove down the street, and the other man pulled away from the curb and into the street and drove down the street and followed the man with the wolflike features and the now unconscious Dean.

CHAPTER II

The Patrol Insurance Agency was on Holly Street in Bellingham.

Jack Higgins, insurance agent for Patrol, was here at Patrol now. He had called John Thatcher, the head of Investigations for Patrol, and had told John he needed to talk to John about something. And so John and Jack had made an appointment for Jack to talk to John about this something. Now Jack was here inside John's big, wide off-white office and sitting in front of John's big, long cedar desk, and John was sitting behind his desk and listening to what Jack was telling him. "While I was having lunch today, I left my table to go to the bathroom. After I relieved myself and left the bathroom, and went back to my table, I overheard some people talking inside another room. It

sounded like they were talking about one of my clients, Dr. Lawrence Corey, a scientist who works at Dynamics Laboratories, a company that specializes in research and analysis."

John turned to his computer to turn it on and find out what he can about Dr. Lawrence Corey.

After he found out what he needed to know about Dr. Corey, he spoke to Jack again: "Dr. Lawrence Corey, scientist for Dynamics Laboratories, the company that specializes in research and analysis, lives here in Bellingham? Six two, black hair, green gray eyes, a hundred and seventy pounds, lives on Texas Street? We carry insurance on his life, health, home, car, and we carry insurance on Dynamics Labs and the personnel who work there?"

"That's right."

Then John turned the computer off and spoke to Jack again: "Go on."

"Well, I heard one of the people say to

the rest of the people 'Once we have it, we can do what we want with it. Until we have it, we keep it and Dr. Corey in our sights. They must stay in our sights until we have it.' Then that person told the other people to stop talking about *it* and Dr. Corey and talk about other things. They couldn't let this conversation about *it* and Dr. Corey be overheard. Then they talked about other things."

"I see. And what did *you* do after you finished overhearing their talking about *it* and Dr. Corey?"

"I went back to my table and got out my cell phone and called you and told you I need to talk to you. Then we made our appointment for me to talk to you."

"Of course. Did these people who were talking about *it* and Dr. Corey see you overhearing what they were talking about or see you leave after they finished talking about *it* and Dr. Corey?"

"No."

"Bye any chance did you see any of these people who were talking about *it* and Dr. Corey?"

"Just one of them." Then Jack told John what that person looked like, and John wrote down the person's physical description on the pad on his desk. Then John spoke to Jack again: "Do you have any idea what this *it* is they were talking about?"

"It could be something Dr. Corey was inventing. When I met him and sold him his insurance, he told me he likes to invent things. But he invents these things on his own time. But I don't know what it is he's inventing now. But the only time anyone *does* know what he's inventing is when he finishes inventing it and he knows the invention works. If he finds out the invention doesn't work, he tells people it doesn't work."

"Of course. I noticed in the information we have on Dr. Corey that he doesn't insure his inventions."

"I know. He probably has no reason for insuring his inventions."

"That's too bad. It could help if he *did* have his inventions insured."

"I know."

"Did anything else happen when you overheard this conversation about *it* and Dr. Corey?"

"No. I think this conversation I overheard should be looked into. It could be important."

"But on the other hand it may not be important. It may be nothing. But we'll look into it. But understand this: if we find out it's not important, we'll walk away from it and forget it. And so will you. Understand?"

"I understand."

"But if we find out it *is* important, then we'll take action."

"I understand."

"Good. Now to play it safe, we don't tell anyone about this conversation you overheard. Everything we've been talking

about that has to do with this conversation ends right here. Understand?"

"I understand. And I won't tell anyone what we've talked about that has to do with this conversation I overheard."

"Good. Now. If there isn't anything else, we'll get started on looking into this conversation."

"No. There isn't. Thanks for letting me see you, John."

"You're welcome, Jack."

Then Jack left. Jack was tall, thin, had brown hair, brown eyes, the face of a sloth, and he was wearing a light blue suit and a white shirt and a beige tie and black leather shoes.

John looked at his goldplated wrist watch. Four forty-nine.

It was too late to start looking into this conversation that Jack had overheard today. Because of this, he decided to look into the conversation tomorrow. Then he got on the phone and spoke to Marla Hoyt, his

secretary: "Marla? When you come in to work tomorrow, call Rich and tell him to go directly to my office when he gets here."

CHAPTER III

The next day, I was driving over to Patrol. This morning, when I had been at home, Marla had called me and had told me that John wanted me to go straight to his office when I get to work. Now I arrived here at Patrol and made the turn and drove into the parking lot and parked my sports car here inside the parking lot.

I'm Rich Chandler, investigator for Patrol Insurance, Investigations Division.

I got out of my car and locked it, and then I walked into the Patrol building and took the elevator up to the floor that the Investigations Division of Patrol was on, and when I got to that floor, I stepped out of the elevator and onto that floor and walked down the hall so I could go to John's office.

When I got here to John's office, I went

inside.

Marla was sitting behind her console and doing some computer work. She looked away from it when she heard the door open and saw me come in.

"Good morning, Rich," she said. "How are ya?"

"Fine," I answered. "You?"

"Fine."

"Well. What is it *this* time? Someone track down someone else and opened up on him with a machine gun?"

"No. . . . Nothing as exciting as that." Then Marla picked up the receiver of her phone and called John and told him I was here. Then she replaced the receiver and spoke to me again: "He'll see you now."

I went in.

I was here inside John's office now. Sitting in front of John's desk while John was sitting behind his desk and telling me about his meeting with Jack.

"I see," I said after John had finished. "So

Jack wants us to look into this conversation, huh?"

"That's right," John said. "I told him we will, and I also told him that if we find out there's nothing important about what he overheard, we walk away from it and forget it, and so does Jack. But if we find out there's something important about what he overheard, we take action."

"Of course. Well, so far, it doesn't look or sound like what Jack overheard is bad or good."

"I know. And because of this, we should go undercover on looking into this. If we conduct a public investigation of this, we may disrupt whatever it is that these people who had the conversation about *it* and Dr. Corey are doing."

"I agree. An undercover investigation of this overheard conversation would or could give us the answers we need."

"I found out who one of the people is that had that conversation with the rest of

those people is from the physical description of that person that Jack gave me. Jack said he saw one of these people when he overheard that conversation. His name is Dirk Wester. He's a security guard at Dynamics Laboratories. Here's his picture." John slid the picture of Wester across his desk to me, and I picked it up and looked at it. Wester had sandy hair, brown eyes, and the face of an owl. I turned the picture over to read what was on the back of the picture. What was written on the back of the picture was how tall Wester was: five nine; what was also written on the back of the picture was how much Wester weighed: a hundred and ninety pounds.

"I ran a check on him," John continued. "He's lived here in Bellingham all of his life. Still lives here in Bellingham. No criminal record." Then John told me Wester's address here in Bellingham, and I got out my pen and notebook and wrote down Wester's address in notebook. After that, John slid

some papers across his desk and told me that written on those papers was the background information on Wester. I took those papers off of the desk and read them. Then John slid a folder across his desk to me and told me that in the folder was the file on Dr. Corey. I looked through the file. Then John spoke to me again: "After you finish reading all of that information, get back to me, and then we can work out our plan on how to conduct the undercover investigation on the conversation that Jack overheard."

"All right," I said. "Anything else, John?"

"No, that's it."

"All right," Then I left.

I was here in Investigations of Patrol and here inside my office now. Reading all of the information that John had given me on this conversation that Jack had overheard.

After I finished reading all of this information, I put it into the file on Dr. Corey, and then I picked up the receiver of my phone and called John's office and told

Marla I had finished reading all of the information on the conversation that Jack had overheard and that I could get back to John.

"I'll connect you to him," Marla said after I had finished. And she did. And she told John everything about my reading all of that information on the conversation that Jack had overheard that I had told Marla.

"Marla told me you finished reading all of that information on the conversation that Jack overheard," John said when he came on.

"That's right," I said. "I have finished reading all of that information."

"All right. You can get back to me right now."

"I'm on my way," Then I replaced the receiver of my phone and collected all of the information that John had given me and left my office and went back to John's office.

I was here inside John's office now. And he and I were working out the plan on how to conduct the undercover investigation of

the conversation that Jack had overheard.

CHAPTER IV

Dirk Wester's place was on Orleans Street. It was an apartment.

I was here at Wester's place now. I had got here to Wester's place before Wester had left his place to go to work and had staked it out to see when Wester was going to leave his place and go to work. Then I had seen Wester walk out of his place and get into his car and leave his place, and then I had sneaked into his place and had searched it and had bugged it and had tapped his landline phone. Now I sneaked out of Wester's place and back into my car, and then I started up my car and drove away from Wester's place so I could go somewhere and record what I had discovered at Wester's place.

When I was as far away from Wester's

place as I could be, I turned onto a cross street and drove down it and pulled up against the curb in front of someone's place and parked my car here, and then I took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded what I had discovered at Wester's place: nothing. Which meant that Wester had nothing to hide, or he was hiding it somewhere else.

After I finished making my report, I turned the recorder off and put it back into my pocket and got out my cell phone and called Patrol and told the operator to connect me to John's office, and she did, and when Marla answered, I told her to connect me to John. She did.

"Rich," John said, when he came on. "How are ya?"

"Fine. You?"

"Fine."

Then I told John I had finished searching Wester's place and that I had bugged it and had tapped the landline phone at Wester's

place and what I had found at Wester's place.

"I see," John said after I had finished. "Well, two of our men did a drive by surveillance on Dr. Corey's place as planned, and they noticed something: someone is staking out Dr. Corey's place."

"Really."

"Yeah."

"But since our men could only do the drive by surveillance on Dr. Corey's place, they weren't able to see the license plate number of the car of the person who is staking out Dr. Corey's place. They only saw the make and model and color of the car: it's a red Honda with a black hard top."

"I see. Well, since I'm done at Wester's place, I could resume the drive by surveillance on Dr. Corey's place and get the license plate number of the car."

"Please do. And after you do that, tell me what the license plate number of the car is. Then I'll find out who owns the car and run

a check on that person."

"Of course."

"But just find out the license plate number of that car. Don't do anything else. If you do, the person staking out Dr. Corey's place might see what you're doing and wonder about it and look into it."

"I understand. Anything else?"

"No, that's it. Get goin'."

"I'm on my way," Then I hung up and put my cell phone back into my pocket, and then I started up my car, and then I pulled away from the curb and into the street so I could drive down the street and go over to Dr. Corey's place and find out the license plate number of the car of the person who was staking out Dr. Corey's place.

Dr. Corey lived in a house. The house was one story high, gray, with a gun metal blue roof and a matching garage.

As I was approaching Dr. Corey's place, I saw the Honda through the corner of my eye; I also saw the license plate number of

the car. As I drove past the car, I looked into the rear view mirror to see what the person in the car was doing now: the same as before: watching Dr. Corey's place. Then I looked forward and took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded the license plate number of the car of the person who was watching Dr. Corey's place. Then I put my recorder back into my pocket and continued driving down the road until I got to the nearest cross street. Then I turned onto it and drove down the street, and then, two streets later, I turned onto another cross street and drove down *that* street and pulled up to the nearest curb and parked my car in front of it, and then I took my cell phone out of my pocket and called Patrol and told the operator to put me in touch with John's office and she did, and when Marla answered, I told her to put me in touch with John. She did.

"Rich," John said, when he came on.

"John," I said. Then I told him I had

found out the license number of the car of the person who was staking out Dr. Corey's place and told him what it was.

"Now I'll find out who this person is," John said after I had finished.

"My guess is that whoever this person is that's watching Dr. Corey's place must know Dr. Corey is at his place right now. If Dr. Corey weren't at home, that person there wouldn't be watching Dr. Corey's place. Instead, he'd be following Dr. Corey. Or maybe one of his cohorts is following Dr. Corey."

"Yeah. Any one of those things is possible."

"Yeah. And these people staking out Dr. Corey's place must be part of their plan to keep *it*, whatever *it* is, and Dr. Corey, in their sights until they have *it* and do what they want with *it*."

"It does look that way."

"Yes, it does. I could find out if Dr. Corey is at home or not by sneaking into the back

of his place and seeing if he's there. I couldn't sneak into the front of his place. The person staking out Dr. Corey's place could see what I was doing and wonder about it and look into it."

"Of course. All right. Go ahead. Sneak into the back of his place and see if he's there. If he's isn't there, or if he *is* there, but he leaves his place, search his place and bug it and tap the landline phone there. All right?"

"I'll do that."

"Good. Be careful."

"I'll be as careful as I can."

"Good."

"Anything else, John?"

"No, that's it. Good luck, Rich,"

"Thanks, John."

"You're welcome, Rich," Then John hung up.

So did I. Then I put my cell phone back into my pocket, and then I started up my car, and then I pulled away from the curb

and into the street and drove down the street until I got to the street that was one street away from the street Dr. Corey lived on. Then I turned onto it and drove down it, and then I made a U turn and parked my car against the curb in front of someone's place, and then I took my gloves out of my pocket and put them on, and then I got out of my car and locked it, and then I ran across the street and into the backyard of the place that was right behind Dr. Corey's place, and when I got to the wall, I looked into the backyard of Dr. Corey's place. Nothing going on inside the backyard of Dr. Corey's place. Then I jumped over the wall and into Dr. Corey's backyard, and then I ran over to Dr. Corey's garage and got up against the wall and looked around. Nothing going on. No one was around. Then I took my lock pick set out of my pocket, and then as quickly and silently as I could, I picked the lock of the side door of Dr. Corey's garage, and then I opened the door and went into the garage

and closed and locked the door and put my lock pick set back into my pocket. Then I took my penlight out of my pocket and turned on the light and focused the light of the penlight in front of me so I could look for Dr. Corey's car. If Dr. Corey's car were here inside Dr. Corey's garage, that would tell me that Dr. Corey was still here.

His car *was* here inside his garage. His white station wagon with the wood on it was standing here on the floor of his garage.

Then my gaze became fixed. Now I realized that I was going to have to wait here at Dr. Corey's place until Dr. Corey leaves his place and goes to work. Then search his place and bug it and tap his landline phone.

CHAPTER V

I peeked out the side door of Dr. Corey's garage to look around. I didn't see anyone here. I didn't even see Dr. Corey. Then I looked at the back of Dr. Corey's house. Then I took a blow gun and a radio dart out of my pocket, and then I put the dart into the blow gun, and then I aimed the blow gun at the back of Dr. Corey's place, and then I shot the radio at the wall of the back of Dr. Corey's place, and then the dart shot into the wall. Then I put the blow gun back into my pocket and took the receiver to radio and an earphone out of my pocket, and then I put one end of the earphone into the receiver, and then I put the earpiece of the earphone into my ear, and then I turned on the receiver so I could hear what was going on inside Dr. Corey's so I'll know he was going

to get up and go to work, and then I could search his house and bug it and tap the landline phone there, and then I put the receiver into my pocket and listened. Then I realized that since I was here inside Dr. Corey's garage right now, and while I wait for Dr. Corey to get up and go to work, I might as well search his garage *and* his car. I focused the light of my penlight on the door of the car and took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of the door on the driver's side of the car and opened the car door, and then I got into the front seat of the car and looked around here. Nothing. Then I put a combination bug and homing device underneath the dashboard of Dr. Corey's car, and then I got out of the car and closed the door, and then I picked the lock of the door of the back seat of the car and opened the door, and then I got into the car and looked around here. Nothing. Then I got out of the car and closed the door, and then I opened up the trunk and looked

inside. Nothing. Then I closed the door of the trunk.

I was searching the garage now. But I didn't find anything here that could tell me about the conversation that Jack had overheard. Then I put a bug on the underside of the bench here inside the garage. Then I leaned against Dr. Corey's car and continued listening in on Dr. Corey's house. Then, I heard a buzzing sound. That had to be Dr. Corey's alarm clock. If so, that would mean that Dr. Corey was going to get up and go to work. I continued listening. I heard the buzzing stop. Which meant that Dr. Corey had turned the alarm clock off. Then I heard someone moving around. Which meant that Dr. Corey must be getting up right now. I continue listening.

I heard him walking through his house right now. Then, I heard him stop. Then I heard some more activity. Then I heard him make a pot of coffee. Then I heard a sizzling sound. Which meant that he must be

making his breakfast right now. If it were a sizzling sound, then that probably meant that Dr. Corey was frying his breakfast.

A few minutes later, I heard the frying stop, and then I heard coffee being poured into a cup. Then I heard Dr. Corey sitting down at a table. Probably to eat his breakfast.

A few minutes later, I heard the faucet of the kitchen sink being turned on and then off and something being put inside the sink. Probably the plate that Dr. Corey had eaten his breakfast off of. Then I heard footsteps roaming through the house. No doubt Dr. Corey was going to get ready to go to work. Then I peeked out the side door of the garage. No one was here. And nothing was happening outside the garage. I continued watching the back of the house.

A few minutes later, I saw Dr. Corey walk out the side door of his house and lock it. He was wearing a light brown overcoat and a navy blue suit and a white shirt with navy

pinstripes, no tie, open collar, and black leather shoes. Then I saw him leave his house and go to the garage. Then, as quickly and silently as I could, I stepped out of the garage and closed and locked the door, and then I got up against the wall and walked over to the edge of the wall to peek over it. Then, I saw Dr. Corey opened the door of his garage and go into his garage. Then, I heard Dr. Corey start up his car. Now I saw Dr. Corey pull out of the garage and stop his car and get out of his car and pull the garage door down and lock it, and then I saw him get back into his car and back out of the driveway and into the street. As quickly as I could, I got over to the back of the house and peeked over it. Then I saw Dr. Corey drive down the street. Then I saw and heard the person in the Honda start up his car, and then I saw the person pull away from the curb and into the street and drive down the street, going in the same direction that Dr. Corey was going in. My guess was he was

going to follow Dr. Corey. Then, as quickly and silently as I could, I got out my cell phone and called Patrol and told the operator to put me in touch with John's office and she did, and when Marla answered, I told her to put me in touch with John. She did. Then I told John I saw Dr. Corey leave his place and I also saw the Honda following Dr. Corey. Then I told John what I had done while I had waited for Dr. Corey to get up and go to work and what I had discovered here. Then I told John I was going to go into Dr. Corey's house and search it. After that, John and I hung up, and then I put my cell phone back into my pocket and looked over the edge of the wall to see if the coast were clear before I get into Dr. Corey's house and search it and bug it and tap the landline here. It was. Then, as quickly and silently as I could, I went over to the side door of Dr. Corey's house and took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of the side door of Dr.

Corey's house, and then I stepped into Dr. Corey's house and closed and locked the door. Then I started walking through the house so I could search it and bug it and tap the landline phone here.

I was walking down the steps that lead into the basement now. I had searched the rest of the place, but I hadn't found anything here that could tell me about the conversation that Jack had overheard. I had also bugged the upstairs of the house and had tapped the landline phone there. Now I was reaching the bottom of the stairs.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I stopped and looked around. The basement was big. And inside it was a laboratory. I walked through the basement. I searched the basement. But I didn't find anything here that could tell me about the conversation that Jack had overheard. When I came to the large table that the laboratory equipment was on, I looked to see what else was on the table--a machine of some kind

that wasn't assembled. But I couldn't recognize what kind of machine it was; I also saw on the table a small box. It was lead colored. I opened the lid of the box to look inside the box. Inside the box was a box of chocolate drops. I wondered about this. Then I closed the lid of the box. I looked underneath the table so I could put a bug underneath the table. Then, I stopped suddenly. My gaze became fixed. My eyes widened.

Underneath the table, and in the center of the underside of the table, was a bug. Then I stood up and wondered. Then I realized that whoever it was that was following Dr. Corey, or maybe someone else who was working with the person who was following Dr. Corey, must have sneaked into Dr. Corey's place and had bugged his basement. No doubt to find out what it was that Dr. Corey was working on. But I didn't know what it was that Dr. Corey was working on. I didn't see anything here that

could tell me what it was Dr. Corey was working on. Not even a blueprint. But, of course, that didn't mean that there wouldn't be something here later that could tell me or that person following Dr. Corey or both what it was that Dr. Corey was working on. Then I realized that I shouldn't bug the basement since someone else had already bugged the basement. And the person who had bugged the basement had to be the person in the Honda, the person who was following and watching Dr. Corey, the person who was staking out Dr. Corey's place, or it was someone else who was working with the person in the Honda who may have bugged the basement. If I *would* bug the basement, the person listening in on the basement would hear what was going on and come over here and find out what was going on, and if he sees another bug inside Dr. Corey's basement, he'd know that someone else was interested in what Dr. Corey was doing. And that could make

matters worse instead of better. And I couldn't have that. So I refrained from bugging the basement and continued looking around the basement. Then, I came to a door. I turned the knob to see if the door were locked. It was. Then I got out my lock pick set and picked the lock of the door, and then I opened the door and went into the room and closed the door. After that, I stood inside the room and put my lock pick set back into my pocket and looked around the room. This room looked like an office. The walls were white, and the carpet was goldenrod, and there was a medium size walnut desk against the wall, with a matching armchair inside the kneehole of the desk, and another matching armchair next to the desk, and lining some of the walls were shelves with books in them, and against another wall was a big combination TV VCR and DVD player, and shelves containing videocassettes and DVD's. I searched the room, but I didn't find

anything here that could tell me about the conversation that Jack had overheard. When I came to the desk to bug the office by putting the bug inside the kneehole of the desk, I knelt down to put the bug inside the kneehole of the desk, and then, I stopped suddenly and looked. My gaze became fixed.

Inside the kneehole of the desk was a bug. I stood up and wondered. Then I realized that whoever it was that was following Dr. Corey, or, the person working with the person who was following Dr. Corey, must have sneaked into Dr. Corey's house and into his office and bugged it. No doubt to find out from his office as well as find out from Dr. Corey's lab here in the basement whatever it was that Dr. Corey was working on. Then I turned to the phone to tap it. Then, I stopped suddenly and looked. Then, my gaze became fixed.

The phone was tapped. I wondered. Then I realized that whoever it was that was following Dr. Corey, or the person who was

working with the person who was following Dr. Corey, must have tapped his phone here. No doubt to find out what it was that Dr. Corey was working on. Because of this I decided not to tap Dr. Corey's phone, and I also decided not to bug Dr. Corey's office. If I *would* tap his phone and bug his office, the person listening in on his phone and his office would come over here to Dr. Corey's place and find out what was going on, and if he discovers another bug and a phone tap inside Dr. Corey's office, then he'd know that someone else was interested in what Dr. Corey was doing. And that could make matters worse instead of better. And I couldn't have that. Then I stepped out of Dr. Corey's office and closed and locked the door. I had finished searching Dr. Corey's office. Then I went back up the stairs that lead out of the basement, and when I got outside the basement, I closed and locked the door, and then I removed the bug and phone tap I had put up here on *this* floor of

the basement. If the person listening in on Dr. Corey heard what was going on here, he'd come over here and find out what was going on, and if he finds the bug and phone tap on *this* floor of the house, he'd know that someone else was interested in what Dr. Corey was going. And that could make matters worse instead of better. And I couldn't have that. Then I sneaked out of Dr. Corey's house and withdrew from the back of Dr. Corey's house the radio dart I had shot into the wall with my blowgun and put it in my pocket. I was going to have to remove this, too, because of the person who was listening in on Dr. Corey's place; not only that, I wasn't going to need to use it here at Dr. Corey's place anymore. Then I sneaked back into the garage and removed the bug I had put inside the garage because of the person who was listening in Dr. Corey's place. Then I sneaked out of the garage and closed and locked the door, and then I ran back to my car and got back into it, and then

I started it up and drove away. I was done at Dr. Corey's place.

When I got as far away from Dr. Corey's place as I could, I turned onto another street and drove down it, and then I pulled up to the curb in front of someone's place and then I parked the car here and took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded what I had discovered at Dr. Corey's place.

After I recorded what I had discovered at Dr. Corey's place, I turned the recorder off and put it back into my pocket. Then I took my cell phone out of my pocket and called Patrol, and then I told the operator to put me in touch with John's office, and then she put me in touch with John's office, and when Marla answered, I told her I needed to talk to John. Then she put me in touch with John. Then I requested a meeting with John, and then John told me where and when we could have our meeting. Then we hung up. After that, I put my cell phone back into my pocket, and then I started up my car, and

then I pulled away from the curb so I could go over to Patrol and have my meeting with John.

CHAPTER VI

I was here at Patrol and here inside John's office now. Sitting in front of John's desk, and John was sitting behind his desk, and I told John about what I had discovered at Dr. Corey's place.

"Really," John sounded intrigued after I had finished.

"That's right," I said. "I found a bug underneath this table inside Dr. Corey's basement, and another bug in his office in the basement, and his phone in his office is tapped."

"Which means that whoever it is that's following him and watching him is spying on him. Probably trying to find out what he's working on."

"That's what it looks like. And if he *is* spying on Dr. Corey and whatever it is Dr.

Corey's working on, then that would mean that this person is an industrial spy, or he's an agent for some government organization."

"One of those things would explain his following and watching Dr. Corey. But this person must not know what it is that Dr. Corey's working on since all you saw on that table was some machinery that looked like it wasn't assembled."

"Yeah. He must have seen that machinery the way it is, too. And then there's that lead colored box: he must have seen that, also."

"Of course. But what you saw inside Dr. Corey's basement still doesn't tell us if what's going on is bad or good."

"I know. And to make matters worse, there's the possibility that whoever it is that's listening in on Dr. Corey's place and his phone may have heard my being in there. And if so, he'll probably go over to Dr. Corey's place and find out what happened

there, and if he saw the bugs I put inside Dr. Corey's place, and the taps I put inside Dr. Corey's phones, he'd know that someone else was interested in what Dr. Corey is working on."

"Of course."

Then I told John I had refrained from bugging Dr. Corey's basement and his office in the basement and that I had refrained from tapping the phone inside Dr. Corey's office, and then I had removed the bug I had put inside the ground floor of Dr. Corey's place, and that I had removed the tap from the phone on the ground floor of Dr. Corey's place, and that I had removed the bug I had put inside Dr. Corey's garage before I had gone into Dr. Corey's house and had searched that and had discovered the bugs and phone tap there.

"Of course."

"And there's the possibility that this person listening in on Dr. Corey's place will try to find out, or will find out, who I am,

and why I'm looking into the conversation that Jack overheard."

"There is that possibility. But that doesn't mean that they'll stop what they're doing. For all we know, they could find out who we are and what we're doing and keep us from doing it, or maybe they'll think you're a burglar and you did something there at Dr. Corey's place, but they don't know what it was you did there at Dr. Corey's place. They don't even know if what you did there at Dr. Corey's place has to do with what *they're* doing. Then you left."

"Yeah."

"Or, they may stop what they're doing and abandon their operation because they heard you being inside Dr. Corey's place after Dr. Corey left his place. If so, we won't know what's going on. All we know right now is that what's going on right now is a case of industrial or government espionage or both. I found out who drives that Honda and watched Dr. Corey's place: his name is

Morgan Harris. He's lived here in Bellingham all of his life. He still lives here in Bellingham. No police record. He's unemployed at the moment, but he has a very large bank account. Here." Then John gave this paper to me and told me to look at it. I did. Then I whistled. "Wow," I then said. "That's a lot of money."

"Yes, it is. And I want to know where that money came from. I also want you to go over to Harris's place and search it and bug and tap the landline phone there. Here's his home address." Then John gave me another piece of paper and I looked at what was written on the paper. It was Harris's home address. "We're following Harris," John continued. "And he's still following Dr. Corey. We saw him follow Dr. Corey over to Dynamics Laboratories, and then we saw him leave Dynamics Laboratories after we saw him see Dr. Corey go to work. We're still following him. Here's what he look like." John slid a photograph across his desk and I

picked it up and looked at it. Harris was thin, swarthy, had dark brown hair, hazel eyes, and the face of a worm. I looked on the back of the photograph to see what else about Harris had been written on the back of the photograph: he was five feet three inches and a hundred and fifty eight pounds.

John's phone rang. He picked up the receiver and said his name. "...Yeah...Keep following him." Then John replaced the receiver and spoke to me: "That was Burt Taylor. He's following Harris. He just told me that Harris left Dynamics Labs after he saw Dr. Corey go to work and went back in the same direction that he and Burt and Dr. Corey came from." Burt Taylor was another investigator for the Investigations Division of Patrol.

"Well, that's interesting," Then, something came to me. Then, I spoke: "What if Harris is the one who's listening in on Dr. Corey's place as well as he's staking out Dr. Corey's place and watching and

following Dr. Corey wherever he goes? He would have the radio to the bug inside Dr. Corey's basement, and the radio to the bug inside Dr. Corey's office, and the radio to the tap inside the phone inside Dr. Corey's office."

"Of course," Then John got on the phone and called Burt and told him to tell him if or when Harris goes back to Dr. Corey's place and what he'll do when he gets there. Burt told John he'll do that. Then they hung up. After that, John told me what he and Burt had just talked about.

"Good," I said. "You know something. If Harris left Dynamics Labs after he saw Dr. Corey go there, and if Dirk Wester works at Dynamics Labs, then maybe he's spying on Dr. Corey while Dr. Corey's at work. And because of this, Harris wouldn't have to stake out Dynamics Labs."

"There is that possibility. It makes sense."

"Yes, it does. So far this operation of spying on Dr. Corey looks and sounds like

it's a two man operation: Wester and Harris."

"Yeah. Maybe it *is* a two man operation, or maybe there are more than two people working with Wester and Harris on this operation."

"Of course. You know something. If Wester is working with Harris on this operation, then perhaps Wester has a lot of money in *his* bank account, too. Because of this, we should look into his bank if you haven't looked into it already."

"No. I haven't looked into it. But I think I will. Maybe *that* will tell us something."

"Maybe it will. Well. If there isn't anything else, I'll go over to Harris's place and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there."

"No, there isn't. I'll tell Burt what you're going to do. He'll need to know that."

"Of course. See ya later,"

"See ya later, Rich."

Then I left.

I was driving over to Harris's place now. My cell phone rang. I pulled off of the road and up to the curb and parked my car here. I didn't want to talk on the phone and drive at the same time. It'd be dangerous if I would. Then I took my cell phone out of my pocket and said hello.

"Hello. Rich?"

"Yeah, this is Rich."

"This is John."

"John. How are ya?"

"Fine. You?"

"Fine."

"I ran a check on Wester's bank account. He's got a lot of money in *his* bank account, too." Then John told me how much money Wester had in *his* account.

I whistled after John had finished. "That is a lot of money." I then said.

"Yes, it is."

"Anything else, John?"

"No. I imagine you were on your way to search Harris's place and bug it and tap the

landline phone there?"

"Yes, I was."

"Well, don't let me keep you from doing it."

"I'm on my way," Then I hung up. After that I put my cell phone back into my pocket and started up my car, and then I pulled away from the curb and into the street and drove the street so I could go over to Harris's place and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there.

Harris's place was on 12th Street. It was an apartment. I was driving away from it now. I had finished searching Harris's place and had bugged it and had tapped the landline phone there. Now I was looking around for a good place that was far away from Harris's place so I could park and record what I had discovered inside Harris's place. I found it. It was a cross street further down 12th Street. I turned onto that street and drove down it, and then I pulled up to the curb and parked my car here in front of

someone's place, and then I got out my voice recorder and recoded what I had discovered at Harris's place: nothing. Which meant that Harris had nothing to hide, or, he was hiding it somewhere else. I turned off the recorder after I had finished recording what I had discovered at Harris's place. I was putting my recorder back into my pocket when my cell phone rang. I finished putting the recorder into my pocket and pulled my cell phone out of my pocket and said hello.

It was John. He told me that Burt had followed Harris and had seen Harris go back to Dr. Corey's place and go inside Dr. Corey's place. And then, a few minutes later, he saw Harris come out of Dr. Corey's place and get back into his car and drive away from Dr. Corey's place.

"Then if Harris went back to Dr. Corey's place and went into it," I said after John had finished. "then that would mean Harris must have heard the activity inside Dr. Corey's place after he saw Dr. Corey leave his place

and followed him to work and went back to Dr. Corey's place and went into his place and searched it to find out what went on inside Dr. Corey's place after he saw Dr. Corey leave his place and go to work."

"Yeah," John said. "And if Harris or someone else working with Harris planted the bug inside Dr. Corey's basement, and planted the bug inside Dr. Corey's office, and planted the tap inside Dr. Corey's phone in his office, then Harris may have had with him at the time he went back to Corey's place and searched it a device for detecting bugs and phone taps. And if he did, he may have used it to see if someone else had planted a bug or phone tap or both inside Dr. Corey's place when Harris heard that activity inside Dr. Corey's place after he saw Dr. Corey leave his place and followed him to work."

"Yeah. And if he discovers someone else hadn't bugged Dr. Corey's basement and office and tapped his phone in his office,

then he may think that that someone else may have gone into Dr. Corey's place for some other reason. Like he was going to steal something or look for something, or do something else. And so he left Dr. Corey's place."

"Yeah. And Harris may have or will or is telling Wester what he saw and heard inside Dr. Corey's place after he followed Dr. Corey from home to work and went back to Dr. Corey's place and searched Dr. Corey's place to find out what went on inside Dr. Corey's place after Harris followed Dr. Corey from Dr. Corey's place to Dynamics Labs."

"Yeah. And then we see what happens after that and take it from there."

"Of course. Just a minute, Rich. I've got another call." Then I heard John press a button on his phone.

About a minute later, John spoke to me again: "That was Burt. He saw Harris go into a theatre after he saw Harris go back to Dr. Corey's place and go into it and saw Harris

come out of Dr. Corey's place a few minutes later and leave Dr. Corey's place."

"Really," Then, something came to me. Then, I spoke to John again: "Unless perhaps there's nothing else about spying on Dr. Corey Harris can do right now. So he does whatever he wants to do until it's time for him to resume doing his part in spying on Dr. Corey. Wester must be resuming spying on Dr. Corey right now. And then after Dr. Corey gets off work and leaves work, Harris resumes following and watching Dr. Corey."

"Yeah. That could be it. I imagine you searched Harris's place and bugged it and tapped the landline phone there?"

"Yes, I did," Then I told John what I had discovered at Harris's place.

"I see," John said after I had finished. "Well then, if Harris has nothing else to do that has to do with his spying on Dr. Corey until he resumes doing his part on spying Dr. Corey, and Wester is resuming spying on Dr. Corey while they're at Dynamics Labs,

then what *you* can do right now is get some lunch and go back to your place and listen in on Harris's place and Wester's place. No doubt they'll be going back to their places."

"Of course. And I will get some lunch and go back to my place and listen in Harris's place and Wester's place."

"Good."

"Anything else, John?"

"No. That's it. Talk to you later, Rich."

"Talk to you later, John," Then I hung up and put my cell phone back into my pocket. Then I started up my car and drove down the street and looked around for a good place to eat at. I found it: Zane Burger, a wonderful drive-in restaurant. It was on 12th Street. I had eaten there before. It was one of my favorite places to eat at. I parked my car in the parking lot of Zane Burger and went into Zane Burger and ordered my lunch.

I was sitting here at a booth in Zane Burger now. Eating a delicious hamburger and fries and washing them down with a

chocolate shake and Pepsi.

I felt better after I had eaten. Now I walked out of Zane Burger and into the parking lot so I could go back to my car and get into it and go back to my place and listen in on Harris's place and Wester's place.

When I got here to my car, I unlocked it. When I got into my car, I stopped suddenly and looked.

A man was sitting in the front seat of my car. He was husky looking. He wore a tan suit and a white shirt and a mahogany brown tie and mahogany brown leather shoes.

There was a gun in his hand. Pointed at me.

CHAPTER VII

"Let's go, Mr. Chandler," the husky looking man told me. "Someone wants to meet you and talk to you."

"Who?" I asked.

"You'll find out when you get there. Shall we go?"

"Well, if you insist."

The man smiled. "Yes. I *do* insist," he told me. "I'll tell you how to get there."

Then I started up the car, and then the husky looking man told me how to get to this place we were going to go to progressively.

As we went over to that place, I looked out the rear view mirror of my car. I saw a car following us: a tan Toyota. The husky looking man must have gone over to Zane Burger in the Toyota with the driver of the

Toyota to come get me and take me to the person who wanted to meet me and talk to me. And now the driver of the Toyota must be following the husky looking man and me to the place where the person who wanted to meet me and talk to me was.

That place was on Sunset Drive. It was a small two story light brown house with a brown roof and matching garage.

When the husky looking man and I got here to the house, the husky looking man told me to pull into the driveway and drive up to the garage and park my car next to the garage. I did that. Then the man and I got out of the car, and then the man told me to go through the back door of the house and we did--and then--as quickly as I could--I swung around and kicked the man in the shins--and then the gun fell out of the man's hand and onto the floor--and then I slugged the man in the stomach--and then I picked up the gun and pointed it at the man. "O.K." I then said to the man. "Now. Take me to

this person who wants to meet me and talk to me." Then I got behind the man and pressed the barrel of the gun against the back of his head. Then the man and I walked forward.

We reached what looked like the living room and walked into it.

There were people inside the room. One of them, a woman, was sitting down on the couch. The other two people, both of them men, were standing inside the room. All three people looked surprised when they saw the man and me walk into the room.

"Now," I said to the man. "Which one of these people wants to meet me and talk to me?"

"Me, Mr. Chandler," the woman said.

I looked at the woman.

The woman stuck her hand into her shiny black shoulder strap handbag, which was on the light brown coffee table before her, and then she took a brown ID card case out of her purse and tossed it to me. I caught

it and opened it up and looked at what was inside. Then I said aloud what the ID card inside the case said: "Sheryl Garrett, Federal Bureau of Investigation." Then I looked at the man and the other two men and spoke to them: "And I take it you guys are with the FBI, too?"

All three men said they were.

Then I tossed Sheryl's FBI ID back to her, and then she put it back into her purse, and I gave back to the husky looking man his gun and he put it in his shoulder holster.

"Would you like something to drink, Mr. Chandler?" Sheryl asked me.

"No," I said. "What I would like is for you to tell me why you want to see me."

"Of course. *I'm* going to have something to drink. And I will tell you why I want to see you." Then Sheryl stood up and walked over to the sideboard against the wall. She was tall, plump, had long, thick black hair, brown eyes, a creamy tan complexion, high cheekbones, thin beige lips, and she was

wearing a gray tweed waistlength coat and matching tight fitting skirt and flesh tone stockings and dark charcoal gray high heel shoes.

When she reached the sideboard, she poured herself a glass of Bourbon.

"If you and the gentlemen are with the FBI," I asked her. "then why aren't we having this meeting at an FBI office?"

"Because I want *this* meeting to be secret," she answered. "What we're going to talk about *is* secret." Then Sheryl walked back to the couch and sat down on it. "I'm the head of our counterespionage department," she continued. "Dean Connelly is one of our agents. He works for our counterespionage department, too. He's working undercover at Dynamics Labs. Cover: security guard. His job there is to see what's going on at Dynamics Labs. One day he told us that he saw and heard these men standing outside a room at Dynamics Labs and talking. One of the men said to the

other they've got to find out what's inside that room. Inside that room was something top secret. But they couldn't find out what was inside the room because the walls of the room were lined with lead from the inside of the room. A security measure. That way, along with other security measures they don't know about, no one could find out what was inside that room. There would be the possibility that someone could or would use an X-ray machine to find out what was inside that room. Dean told us who these two people are that wanted to find out what's inside that room; someone named Dirk Wester, and another person named Bret Coogan."

The driver of the Toyota was here inside the house now. He had followed the husky looking man and me back here to the house and had seen us go into the house, and then he had gone into the house, too. Now he saw and heard Sheryl talking to me. He was tall, lean, had a coarse face, and he was wearing a

blue suit, a white shirt, no tie, open collar, and black leather shoes.

"We ran a check on this Dirk Wester and this Bret Coogan," Sheryl continued. "Both of them are security guards at Dynamics Labs, and the both of them live here in Bellingham. No criminal records. Then we told Dean to try to find out what it is that Wester and Coogan want inside that room at Dynamics Labs. But we didn't see or hear from him after that. We wondered why we didn't see or hear from him after that and tried to find out why we haven't seen or heard from him after that. But we couldn't find him. He wasn't at home, and he wasn't at work; we also asked his friends and next door neighbors if *they* knew where he was, but they don't know. And we asked his boss at Dynamics Labs if *he* knew where Dean was, but *he* said *he* doesn't know, either. And he wants to know what happened to Dean, too. And he's got his security team helping him find Dean, and he's told the police Dean is

missing, too, and now the police are looking for him, also."

"If you haven't seen or heard from Dean after you told him to find out whatever it is that Wester and Coogan want inside that room at Dynamics Labs," I pointed out to Sheryl. "then that would that Dean disappeared. And his disappearance has to do with whatever it is that Wester and Coogan want inside that room at Dynamics Labs, or it has to do with something else and not whatever it is that Wester and Coogan want inside that room at Dynamics Labs."

"We realized those possibilities; we're also investigating Wester and Coogan. In the course of our looking for Dean and investigating Wester and Coogan, we noticed you sneaked into Wester's place and sneaked out of it and left it. Then we went into Wester's place to see what you did. You bugged his place and tapped his landline phone. You saved us the job of doing that. We were going to bug Wester's place and tap

the landline phone there. And then we followed you and found out who you are and what you do for a living and what you're doing right now: you *are* Rich Chandler, investigator for Patrol Insurance, Investigations Division, and you're trying to find out why a man named Harris is following and watching Dr. Lawrence Corey, a scientist who works at Dynamics Labs. You must be trying to find out that Harris is trying to find out what it is that Dr. Corey is working on on his own time. We found out what Dr. Corey does on his own time when we investigated him. We also found and bugged Coogan's place and tapped his landline phone there."

"Have you heard anything going on at Coogan's place that has to do with your investigating Coogan and Wester and Dean's disappearance?"

"No, we haven't."

"Probably because they don't have a reason to continue talking about Dean if

they have something to do with Dean's disappearance."

I was sitting on the same couch Sheryl was sitting on now. The husky looking man and the driver of the Toyota were sitting on the couch opposite the couch that Sheryl and I were sitting on, and the other two FBI agents were still standing here inside the living room. Sheryl had introduced the rest of the FBI agents to me. The husky looking man's name was Shell Cambridge. The name of the driver of the Toyota was Ted Nicols. And the names of the other two FBI agents who were still standing here inside the living room were Vince Greene and Tom Barnes. Vince was tall, broad shouldered, had a thick build and pelican-like features, and he was wearing an off white suit, a light blue shirt, no tie, open collar, and black leather shoes. And Tom was three inches taller than Vince, robust, had a craggy face, and he was wearing a black gray suit, a gray shirt, no tie,

open collar, and black leather shoes. Then Sheryl offered all of us drinks and all of us accepted. Now all of us were sipping those drinks. Sheryl also showed me the picture of Wester and the picture of Coogan, and I looked at the picture of Coogan. I told Sheryl I already knew what Wester looked like. I told her I had already found out about him. Coogan was pale, had light blond hair, dark blue eyes, and a stern face. I turned the photograph over to read what else was written on it that had to do with Coogan; he was six feet even and two hundred pounds even. After I looked at the photograph of Coogan and gave it and the photograph of Wester back to Sheryl, I spoke to Sheryl again: "I'm going to have to call my boss and tell him I met you and what we talked about," Then I took out my cell phone out of pocket and called Patrol and told the operator to put me in touch with John's office and she did, and when Marla answered, I told her to put me in touch with

John and she did. Now I told John I had met Sheryl and what we had just talked about.

Sheryl, John, and I were inside John's office now. John had requested a meeting with Sheryl and me after I had told John I had met Sheryl and what we had talked about. And then, when Sheryl and I had got here to John's office, I had introduced John and Sheryl to each other. Now Sheryl and I were sitting in front of John's desk, and John was sitting behind his desk.

"So you're looking for one of your agents, huh?" John said to Sheryl.

"That's right," Sheryl confirmed.

"Well, I think it would be best if we work together on your finding Dean Connelly and our looking into what Harris and Wester are doing."

"I agree," Sheryl said. "It might help."

"Great," John said.

"Yeah," I said.

Then John and I told Sheryl what we had done and had discovered so far in our

investigation of the conversation that Jack had overheard and why we were looking into it.

"We ran a check on Coogan's bank account," Sheryl told John and me after John and I had finished. Then she told us how much money she found in Coogan's bank account.

John and I whistled after Sheryl had told us how much money Coogan had in his bank account.

"That's a lot of money," I said.

"Yes, it is," John confirmed.

"That much money had to have come from somewhere," I said. "And Wester and Harris have that much money in *their* accounts, too. My guess is that the reason why there's that much money in their bank accounts is because they're doing something that has to do with Dynamics Labs and Dr. Corey. And they've done other things that they have earned this money from doing, too."

"Makes sense," John said.

"Yes, it does. And if they're earning this much money from doing what they're doing at Dynamics Labs, and from what they're doing about Dr. Corey, and from those other jobs they did, then that would mean they had or have an employer: someone who's interested in what's going at Dynamics Labs and in what Dr. Corey's doing on his own time, and he's interested in other things, and he's having Wester and Harris and Coogan do what he wants them to do and paying them for doing it. This person must know that Dr. Corey invents things on his own time. And he may be the same person who paid Harris and Wester and Coogan for doing those other jobs for him, too."

"So all we have to do now is find out who this person is that Harris and Wester and Coogan work for as well as do the other things in our investigations." Sheryl said.

"That's right," John said.

Then Sheryl told John and me what she

and Ted and Tom and Vince and Shell had done in their investigation of Dean's disappearance, and what they had discovered in that investigation so far. Then John and Sheryl and I talked about what to do next in our investigations.

CHAPTER VIII

Sheryl and I were here at the place that I had met Sheryl at. She and John and I had finished talking about what we were going to do next in our investigations. Then Sheryl had called Shell and had told him what she and John and I had talked about having to do with our investigations and had told Shell what his and Sheryl's and Vince's and Ted's and Tom's and John's and my individual assignments were in the investigations. Then they hung up, and then Sheryl and I had gone over to Zane Burger and had had hamburgers and Pepsi for lunch, and then we had gone over to the store and had bought some food and had gone back to the place I had met Sheryl at. Now Sheryl and I were sitting at a table and playing poker while we listened in Harris's place and

Wester's place and Coogan's place. Then, we heard something. We stopped playing poker and listened. The transmission was coming from the radio to the bug inside Wester's place. I turned on the recorder. There was a knock on the door of Wester's place. Then, Sheryl and I heard footsteps. No doubt it was Wester going to the door. One of the things we had done after Sheryl and John and I had had our meeting at John's place was follow and watch Wester after he had got off work and had seen him go home. Sheryl and I heard the footsteps stop at the door, and then we heard what must have been the door being open.

"Morgan," Wester must have said that. We hadn't heard Wester's voice before. And the person who had knocked must have been Harris. Harris's first name was Morgan.

"Hi, Dirk," the other person said. It had to be Harris who had said hello to Wester. We hadn't heard Harris's voice before.

"Come on in."

Then Sheryl and I heard footsteps coming into the house. They had to be Harris's footsteps. Then Sheryl and I heard the door being closed.

"Would you like something to drink, Morgan?" Dirk asked him.

"No, thanks," Harris said.

"You said on the phone you needed to see me," Wester said.

"That's right," Harris confirmed. "After I followed Dr. Corey from his place to work, I heard something going on inside Dr. Corey's place. It sounded like someone got into Dr. Corey's place after I followed Dr. Corey from his place to work. Which meant that whoever it was that got inside Dr. Corey's place and did whatever it was he did there waited at Dr. Corey's place for Dr. Corey to leave his place so he could go into Dr. Corey's place and do whatever it was he wanted to do inside Dr. Corey's place. So I went back to Dr. Corey's place and sneaked into it to find out what this other person did

at Dr. Corey's place. But I don't know what he did. I couldn't find anything that could tell me what he did. Nothing was touched or tampered with, and nothing was destroyed or removed, and nothing was put in Dr. Corey's place, like a bug or phone tap, and *our* bugs and phone taps are still inside Dr. Corey's place."

"Which means that whatever it was he did there has nothing to do with what *we're* doing," Wester supposed. "He may not know what *we're* doing. As for what he did there, he may have been looking for something, but he didn't find it, and then he left, or he may have found what he was looking for, but he left it there for some reason, and then he left, or maybe he did something else while he was there, and then he left."

"What do we do about him?"

"Well, if this burglar doesn't go back to Dr. Corey's place for the same reason he went there, or if he doesn't go back there for some other reason, we do nothing. If he did

whatever it was he did at Dr. Corey's place, he won't go back to Dr. Corey's place. Because he did whatever it was he did at Dr. Corey's place. But if he *does* go back to Dr. Corey's place for the same reason he went there, or if he goes back there for some other reason, we'll know it. And if he finds out what *we're* doing, or if he interferes in what we're doing, we stop him."

"Just like we did Dean Connelly."

"That's right. What about whatever it is that Dr. Corey's working on? Is it still there?"

"Yes, it is, Still unassembled. I haven't touched it. I left it alone."

"Good. And the burglar who got into Dr. Corey's place and did whatever it was he did there must have left it alone, too. He didn't touch it, either. Which means that he must not know what it is, but he's not interested in it, or he does know what it is, but he *is* interested in it and he's going to find out what it is and go back to Corey's place and get it."

"Well, I hope not. For his sake."

"I hope so, too. For his sake. What about that lead lined box? It is still there with the unassembled machinery?"

"Yes, it is. I left *that* alone when I saw it. I didn't touch it."

"And neither did the burglar who got into Dr. Corey's place and did what he did there."

"No. He didn't touch it, either."

"Probably had to refrain from touching it. Since he doesn't know why it's there. As well as we don't know why it's there. That's good. And we must leave it alone until Dr Corey assembles the machinery and we find out what it is."

"Yes, of course."

"Good. After you called me and told me you needed to see me, and before you came over here and saw me, Oren called. He said we don't have to continue finding out what's inside that room at Dynamics Labs, the one that has the top secret project in. Because of

how intense the security measures they're taking for safeguarding their project, we'll have one helluva job finding out what's inside that room and getting our hands on it. But Oren does want us to continue trying to find out what it is that Dr. Corey's working on on his own time. There is the possibility that we can find out about that. The security measures at his place aren't as intense as the security measures at Dynamics Labs. Especially that one room at Dynamics Labs."

"Yeah. The room that's lined with lead and has some other security measures inside the room that we don't know about. That would make it impossible for someone to see what's inside the room and get their hands on it."

"I think that's the whole idea: to make it impossible for someone to see what's inside the room and get their hands on it."

"Yeah."

"Besides. Whatever it is that's inside that room that's lead lined and has other security

measures we don't know about isn't the only thing to find out about and get our hands on. There are other things to find out about and get their hands on."

"Of course. Well, I'm glad Oren says you and Bret don't have to continue trying to find out what it is that's inside that lead lined room. It must have been a hassle trying to find out what's inside that room."

"Yes, it was. It was like trying to beat a dead horse."

"I imagine it was."

"It was."

"Well, I gotta get going."

"Thanks for dropping by and telling me about the burglar who got into Dr. Corey's place and did whatever it was he did there."

"You're welcome. And thanks for telling me that Oren says we don't have to continue trying to find out what's inside that room at Dynamics Labs."

"You're welcome. I'll call Oren and tell him I told you what he told me. He'll need to

know that."

"Of course."

"I won't tell him about the burglar, though. There's no need to. But if the burglar reappears and becomes a problem, then I'll tell him."

"O.K."

Then Sheryl and I heard footsteps. No doubt that was Harris going to the door to leave Wester's place. Then Sheryl and I heard the door being opened, and then we heard the door being closed. No doubt Harris had left Wester's place. Then Sheryl and I heard Wester walk into another room and dial a phone number. Sheryl and I listened and looked at the monitor that was recording the phone number that Wester was dialing. Then Sheryl and I heard the phone on the other end ring. Then we heard someone pick up the phone and say hello.

"Hello," Wester said. "Oren?"

"Yes?"

"This is Dirk."

"Dirk, how are ya?"

"Fine. You?"

"Fine. I just told Morgan what you told me about not trying to find out what's inside that room at Dynamics Labs. He was pleased to hear it."

"I imagine he was. It must have been a hassle trying to find out what was inside that room."

"It was."

"Anything else, Dirk?"

"No, that's it."

"Good night then."

"Good night, Oren," Then Dirk hung up.

Then Sheryl and I heard Dirk go back into another room, and then we heard some other activity inside that room; music, people talking. That had to be the TV. We didn't hear anything else unusual, but we continued listening in on Wester's place and Harris's place and Coogan's place. And I got on Sheryl's FBI computer and used the criss cross directory to find out who this Oren

was. Oren was Oren Sumner. Then I ran a check on Sumner. He lived here in Bellingham. He was the owner and manager of Special Orders, Inc., a private company that got people what people couldn't get in stores. Sumner had no criminal record. Model citizen. I also saw Sumner's picture. He was dark, tanned, had thinning graying black hair, dark brown eyes, a tapering face, and sharp features. I read the rest of the physical description on Sumner. It said that Sumner was five ten, and a hundred and eighty pounds. I got out my pen notebook and wrote down in my notebook Sumner's physical description. I also saw Sumner's landline phone number and address and wrote *them* down in my notebook. I was going to need to know Sumner's landline phone number and address as well as know what Sumner looked like so I could get into Sumner's home and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there at the first opportunity. Then I put my pen and

notebook back into my pocket and spoke to Sheryl: "So Wester and Harris know a man named Oren, huh? And Coogan must know this Oren, too, although he wasn't mention in the conversation that Wester had with Harris, and the conversation that Wester had with this Oren."

"Yeah."

"And Wester and this Oren must have had their phone conversation on cell phones instead of landline phones. That would explain why we haven't heard their conversation on Wester's landline phone. And Wester and Harris must have been talking to each other on cell phones, too. That would explain why we haven't heard *their* conversations on the Wester's landline phone. They and this Oren and Coogan must not want to have phone conversations of what Wester and Coogan are doing at Dynamics Labs, and what they're doing about Dr. Corey when *he's* at Dynamics Labs, and what Harris is doing about Dr.

Corey whenever he's somewhere away from Dynamics Labs, or, whenever he's at home, on landline phones. For the sake of security. Someone could get inside their places and tap their landline phones as well as bug their places and do anything else inside their places they'd need to do inside their places if they have to. Like search their places--if they knew that someone was looking into what they're doing. Whereas they take their cell phones with them wherever they go. Making it difficult or impossible for someone to tap their cell phones."

"Of course. But right now they don't know that their landline phones are tapped and that their places are bugged."

"No. They don't. But that doesn't mean they won't find out that their landline phones are tapped and their places are bugged later--if they find out that someone is looking into what they're doing."

"Of course. So Wester and Coogan and Harris *were* working on the same things;

trying to find out what's inside that room at Dynamics Labs, and trying to find out what Dr. Corey's working on on his own time. Although now Wester and Coogan won't have to try to find out what's inside that room at Dynamics Labs anymore. But they still have to try to find out what it is that Dr. Corey's working on on his own time."

"That's right. And they said that they'll stop this burglar if they have to. Just like they did Dean."

"Yeah. My guess is that they killed Dean to stop him. I think I figured out why they killed Dean: they found out that Dean saw them standing outside that room at Dynamics Lab and heard them talking about what they needed to do about the room and killed Dean to keep Dean from finding out anything more about what they were going to do and to keep Dean from telling anyone what he saw and heard them do."

"Makes sense."

"Yes, it does. But they may not have

found out he was an FBI agent. Instead, they may have thought he was a security guard and he saw what they were doing by accident. Or, they may have found out he *was* an FBI agent and why he was working at Dynamics Labs."

"May be."

"But if they found out he *was* an FBI agent, then they'll know that the FBI is on to them."

"Of course. And they may have told Oren Sumner this, too. Or, they may not find out he was an FBI agent."

"Of course. So all we have to do now is find out what connection Oren Sumner has with Harris and Wester and Coogan."

"Yeah. My guess is that Sumner is Harris's and Wester's and Coogan's employer. He did say that Wester and Coogan don't have to continue trying to find out what's inside that room at Dynamics Labs, but they still have to try to find out what it is that Dr. Corey's working on on his

own time. And we'll have to put him under twenty four hour surveillance and search his place and bug it and tap the landline phone there, too. And, if we can, put Special Orders, Inc. under twenty four hour surveillance. But I think it would be best if we did a drive by surveillance of Special Orders, Inc. instead of stake it out. The people there at Special Orders, Inc.--including Sumner--would notice the stake out, then keep us from finding out what they're doing at Special Orders, Inc." Then I got out my cell phone and called Patrol and told the operator to connect to me to John's office and she did, and when Marla answered, I told her to put me in touch with John and she did. Then I told John everything that Sheryl and I had just heard at Wester's place and what we were going to need to do next.

"Of course," John said after I had finished. "But you can do all of those things tomorrow. What you *can* do tonight is get

some dinner and get a good night's sleep and get some breakfast tomorrow, then do what you need to do. If you need any help on what you need to do, let me know"

"I'll do that."

"And keep me posted."

"I'll do that, too."

"Anything else, Rich?"

"No. I think that's it. Good night, John."

"Good night, Rich," Then John hung up.

So did I. Then I told Sheryl what John and I had just talked about.

"I think that's a good idea," Sheryl said after I had finished. Then she got on her cell phone and called Shell and Tom and Ted and Vince and told them what she and I had heard at Wester's place, and about the conversation that John and I had just had about what to do tonight and tomorrow. Vince and Shell and Tom and Ted were carrying out their individual assignments in what to do now in our investigations, and had done this while Sheryl and John and I

had had our meeting at John's office. Then Sheryl told Shell and Vince and Tom and Ted when to meet here at Sheryl's place so that they and Sheryl and I could discuss what to do next in the investigations.

And I had just found who lived at this house. Which was what I had wanted to do.

And Dean Connelly must have been making his reports on his assignment at Dynamics Labs to Sheryl here at this place, too.

CHAPTER IX

I was here at Sumner's place now. Sheryl and Vince and Ted and Tom and Shell and I had discussed what to do next in our investigations, and then we had got ready to do what we had discussed, and then we had gone into the field to do what we had discussed. / had got up early, and while it was still dark out, so / could do what / was going to do in the investigations. Then I had had breakfast, and then I had gone over to a twenty four hour store and had bought some food, and then I had gone over to the street behind Sumner's place and had parked my car there, and I had sneaked into Sumner's backyard and into his garage and had searched it and had bugged it, and then I had searched his car and had put underneath the dashboard of his car a

combination bug and homing device. John and Sheryl and Vince and Shell and Tom and Ted and I had found out where Sumner lived and what kind of car he drove when we had decided that one of the things we were going to do in the investigations was put Sumner under twenty four hour surveillance and watch his place. Then I had sneaked out of his garage and back to my car and had started it up and had driven down the street and had turned onto the next cross until I got to the street Sumner lived on, and then I had turned onto *that* street and drove down it until I got to Sumner's place. Now I was parked a few yards away from Sumner's place and watching it to see Sumner come out of his place and leave it and go to work. John, Sheryl, Shell, Vince, Tom, Ted, and I knew Sumner was going to work today. John, Sheryl, Shell, Vince, Tom, Ted, and I had found out when Sumner works at Special Orders, Inc. Then I was going to get inside Sumner's place and search it and bug

it and tap the landline phone there. I also recorded what I had discovered inside Sumner's garage and his car: nothing. Which meant that he had nothing to hide in his garage or in his car, or, he was hiding it somewhere else.

After I finished making my report on what I had discovered inside Sumner's garage and his car, I turned the voice recorder off and continued watching Sumner's place.

Sumner's place was here on Northwest Avenue. It was a long white house with an orange adobe roof and a matching garage.

Two hours later, daybreak came. I continued watching the house. I got hungry, so I pulled a tuna sandwich and a bottle of Coke out of the bag and ate the sandwich and drank the Coke while I continued watching the house.

I felt better after I had eaten. I continued watching the house.

About three hours later, I saw Sumner

back out of his driveway and into the street. Then I saw him put his navy blue Buick into drive and drive down the street. I ducked down in *my* car to keep Sumner from seeing me. Then I took the radio to the combination bug and homing device I had put inside Sumner's car out of my pocket and turned it on, and then I listened to the radio and watched the screen on the radio and looked up to see if Sumner were gone. He was. I didn't see him driving down the street. Which meant that he had driven all the way down the street as he went to work. Then I sat up and took my earphone out of my pocket and put one end of it into the earphone jack of the radio, and then I put the earpiece of the earphone in my ear, and then I put the radio into my pocket, and then I got out of my car and walked down the street instead of ran down the street so I wouldn't be noticed, and as I got closer to Sumner's place, I looked around to make sure no one was going to see me go into

Sumner's place. No one was here.

When I got here to Sumner's place, I walked into Sumner's backyard, and when I got here in the backyard and at the back door of Sumner's place, I looked around again to make sure no one was going to see me go into Sumner's place. No one was here. Then I got out my gloves and put them on, and then I got out my lock pick set and picked the lock of the back door of Sumner's place, and then I opened the door and went into Sumner's place and closed and locked the door. Then I put my lock pick set back into my pocket and started to walk through Sumner's place so I could search it and bug it and tap the landline phone here.

I was driving away from Sumner's place now. I had searched it and had bugged it and had tapped the landline phone there. Now I was looking around for a good place to park and record what I had discovered at Sumner's place. I found it and drove over to it. Now I parked my car here against the

curb in front of someone's place and took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded what I had discovered at Sumner's place: nothing. Which meant that Sumner had nothing to hide, or he was hiding it somewhere else.

After I finished making my report on what I had discovered at Sumner's place, I turned the recorder off and put it back into my pocket. Then I took my cell phone out of my pocket and called John and Sheryl and told them what I had done at Sumner's place and what I had discovered there, and then they told me they had nothing to report right now. Then we hung up.

I was driving over to Special Orders, Inc. now. It was time now for me to go over there and search Sumner's office and bug it and tap the landline phone there. Another thing I was going to need to do.

Special Orders, Inc. was on Baker View Road.

When I got here, I parked across the

street from Special Orders, Inc. and a few yards away from Special Orders, Inc. Then I got out of my car locked it, and then I ran across the street and into Special Orders, Inc. and took the elevator up to Sumner's office.

When I got here to Sumner's office, I looked at the door of Sumner's office. I was going to be able to fit the bug into the frame of the door so I could hear what was going on inside Sumner's office. The reason why I was going to need to hear what was going on inside Sumner's office was so I could find out when he and his secretary, Sue MacCready, were going to leave Sumner's office for some reason, and then I could sneak into Sumner's office and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there. One of the things that Sheryl and Shell and Tom and Ted and Vince and I had done when we had discussed what to do next in our investigations was find out who else worked at Special Orders, Inc. And Sue MacCready worked at Special Orders,

Inc. as well as Sumner did. She was Sumner's secretary. We had run a check on her. She had lived in Boise, Idaho for a few years, then moved here to Bellingham and did several different jobs here in Bellingham before she had gone to work at Special Orders, Inc. She was five eleven, a hundred and twenty pounds, had blonde hair, blue eyes, a creamy pallor complexion, and even features.

I took the bug out of my pocket. It had a pin on it. Enabling me to stick the radio into the frame of the door. The bug was very tiny. The size of a pebble. I looked around to make sure no one would see me put the bug into the frame of the door. No one was here. Then I stuck the bug into the top right corner of the frame, and then I took the radio to the bug out of my pocket and turned it on and put it to my ear so I could listen to what was going on inside Sumner's office, and no one else would hear what was going on inside Sumner's office, and then I

walked away from the door and looked around for the bathroom. I found it and went into it. Then I looked for an unused cubicle. I found it and went into it and closed the door. Then I took the earphone out of my pocket and inserted one end of it into the earphone jack of the radio, and then I put the earpiece of the earphone in my ear, and then I put the radio into the pocket, and then I opened the door of the cubicle and walked out of the cubicle and left the bathroom and took the elevator down to the ground floor of Special Orders, Inc., and when I got here, I walked out of Special Orders, Inc. and back to my car and unlocked it, and then I got into my car and continued listening in on Sumner's office and watched Special Orders, Inc.

Four hours later, I heard Sumner tell Sue MacCready that they were going to lock up the office and go to lunch. Then I heard Sumner lock up his office, and then I heard him and Sue walk out of Sumner's office, and

then I heard one of them lock the door to the reception room of Sumner's office. I continued listening and watching the building. Then, I saw Sumner and Sue walk out the back of the building and into the parking lot, and then I saw the both of them walk over to Sumner's car, and then I saw Sumner unlock both doors of the front seat of his car, and then I saw Sumner and Sue get into Sumner's car, and then I heard Sumner start up his car, and then I saw Sumner and Sue drive out of the parking lot and turn onto the road and drove down it and passed me. I ducked down in *my* car to make sure Sumner and Sue won't see me. They didn't. Then, after they had driven passed me, I sat up and looked out the window at where they were going. They were almost out of my sight now. Now they were completely out of my sight. So I got out of *my* car and locked it, and then I walked back to Special Orders, Inc. and went into the building and took the elevator back up

to Sumner's office.

When I got here, I looked around to make sure no one would see me remove the bug from the frame of the door of Sumner's office and go into Sumner's office. No one did. Then I removed the bug from the frame of the door and put it back into my pocket, and then, as quickly and silently as I could, I took my gloves out of my pocket and put them on, and then I took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock of the door of the reception room of Sumner's office, and then I entered the room and closed and locked the door. Then I put my lock pick set back into my pocket and went over to Sumner's office and picked the lock of the door of his office, and then I entered his office and closed and locked the door.

I was driving away from Special Orders, Inc. now. I had searched and had bugged Sumner's office, and I had tapped the landline phone inside Sumner's office, and I had searched the reception room of

Sumner's office, too. Now I was looking around for a good place to park my car and record what I had found inside Sumner's office and report in with John and Sheryl; I was also listening in on Sumner's office and his landline phone in his office. The radio to the bug inside Sumner's office, and the radio to the tap I had put inside Sumner's landline phone, were on the front seat of my car. I had put them there after I had searched and had bugged Sumner's office and had tapped his phone, and after I had left Special Orders, Inc. and after I had gone to my car, and before I had left Special Orders, Inc.

I found the place where I could park my car and record what I had done and had discovered at Sumner's place and report in with John and Sheryl. Then I went into the parking lot of the grocery store and parked my car here, and then I took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded what I had done and had discovered at Sumner's office: nothing. Which meant that

Sumner had nothing to hide, or, he was hiding it somewhere else.

After I recorded what I had done and had discovered at Sumner's office, I turned the recorder off and put it back into my pocket, and then I took my cell phone out of my pocket and called John and Sheryl and told them what I had done and had discovered at Sumner's office, and then they told me they had nothing to report right now. Then we hung up. After that I put my cell phone back into my pocket, and then I started up my car and pulled out of the grocery store so I could leave the grocery store and go to my place and take a nap. I was going to need to take a nap. Because this evening I was going to put Sumner under twenty four hour surveillance. And I was going to need to rest up to do that.

My place was my apartment on Magnolia Street.

I was here at my place now. Inside my room and taking the nap; I also listened in

on Sumner's office and his office phone. The radio to the bug in his office, and the radio to the tap in his office phone, were on one of the end tables.

A few hours later, I heard something. I stirred, then came awake. Then, I listened. The sound was coming from the bug inside Sumner's office. It was dialing. But it didn't sound like the dialing was coming from Sumner's landline phone. The sound of it wasn't showing up on the radio to the tap inside Sumner's landline phone at his office. Instead, it sounded like the dialing was coming from another phone. Quickly I turned on my voice recorder and continued listening. Then, I heard the phone on the other end ringing.

"Hello," a male voice said. Although I didn't recognize the voice.

"Hello," Sumner said. "Bob?"

"Yeah?"

"This is Oren."

"Oren. How are ya?"

"Fine. You?"

"Fine."

"Great. Listen. I'm going to go out there after I get off work and see how you're doing. I want to do that before we call it a day."

"All right. We'll, be here."

"Great. See ya then."

"See ya then." Then Bob hung up.

So did Sumner. Then I heard footsteps inside Sumner's office. Then I heard the door to Sumner's office open. Then I heard Sumner speak again: "I'm going out to the factory tonight after I get off work to see how it's going. Would you like to come along?"

"Sure," That had to be Sue who said that. I didn't recognize her voice. Then she spoke again: "I'd like to see how it's going out there, too."

"Great."

Then I heard the door to Sumner's office being closed, and then I heard the same footsteps I had heard before go back into

Sumner's office. But I didn't hear anything else after that. Probably because Sumner had gone back to his desk and resumed whatever it was he was doing at his desk. Because of this, I turned my recorder off. Then I thought. The phone that Sumner had talked on when he had talked to this Bob about seeing how it was going at the factory after Sumner gets off work and before he and this Bob and maybe some other people call it a day must have been his cell phone. And he must have been using *his* cell phone for the same reason that Harris and Wester and Coogan were using *their* cell phones for. Made sense.

I put my recorder back on the same end table my cell phone and radios were on and got on *my* cell phone and called John and Sheryl and told them what I had just heard inside Sumner's office. Then we hung up. After that I thought about what John and Sheryl and I had said about what Sumner and Sue were going to do after work tonight:

that they were going to go out to this factory and see how it was going out there. Maybe their seeing how it was going out at that factory, and what was going on out at that factory, would have to do with John's and my investigation of the conversation that Jack overheard, and Sheryl's and Ted's and Tom's and Vince's and Shell's investigation of Dean's disappearance. Or, maybe their seeing how it was going out there at the factory, and what was going on out there at the factory, would have to do with something else. But I would find out which it was when I follow and watch Sumner and Sue out to this factory after the both of them get off work. I put the cell phone back on the same end table my radios and recorder were on and went back to sleep.

The alarm clock buzzed. I stirred, then came awake and turned the alarm clock off. Then I looked at the time. The clock told me it was the time I wanted to get up at. Then I got out of bed and into my bathrobe and

slippers and left my room and went into kitchen and made a pot of coffee, and then I left the kitchen and went back into *my* room and removed my bathrobe and slippers, and then I went into the bathroom and shave and showered. Then I went back into *my* room and got dressed. Now I was here inside the living room and watching TV and eating a sandwich I had bought from the store and sipping the coffee I had made. It was time now for me to wake up and get something to eat before I put Sumner under twenty four hour surveillance; I also looked inside the bag the other sandwiches and more pop were in. Then I noticed I was running low on food for stake outs. Because of this, I was going to have to go to the store and get more food.

After I had finished my fourth cup of coffee, I noticed I was wide awake now. Then I took my coffee cup into the kitchen and put it in the sink and ran hot water into it, and then I turned the faucet off and went

back into the living room and turned off the TV, and then I collected the bag my food was in, and the bag my radios were in, and then I went over to the front door of my apartment and stepped out of my apartment and locked the door, and then I went downstairs and put the bag of food and the bag the radios were in in my car, and then I got into my car and started it up, and then I drove over to the store and bought me some more food and drink for stake outs. Then I left the store and got into my car, and then I took out of the bag the radios were in the radio to the radio to the bug I had put inside Sumner's office, and the radio to the tap I had put inside Sumner's landline phone in his office, and the combination bug and homing device I had put inside Sumner's car, and turned on all three radios and put them on the front seat of my car and listened to all three of the radios, and then I started up my car and drove out of the parking lot of the store and drove over to Special Orders, Inc.

It was time now for me to stake out Special Orders, Inc. until Sumner and Sue leave Special Orders, Inc. and go over to this factory and see how it's going at the factory before they call it a day.

I was here at Special Orders, Inc. now. Parked a few yards away from it and watching the place and continue listening in Sumner's office and his landline phone at his office and his car and kept track of time.

At 5:04 it was getting dark out, and I saw people walking out of Special Orders, Inc. and into the parking lot of Special Orders, Inc. and getting into their cars and leaving Special Orders, Inc. It was quitting time for them. Another thing that John, Sheryl, Vince, Shell, Tom, Ted, and I had found out when we had worked out our plan of action in our investigations was when the people who worked at Special Orders, Inc. go to work and when they get off work. I saw Sumner drive away from Special Orders, Inc., but I didn't see Sue in his car. Which

meant that she must be driving over to the factory in *her* car right now as well as Sumner must be driving over to the factory in *his* car right now. Although I didn't know what kind of car Sue drove. And neither did the others who were working with me on the investigations. At that time we had no reason to know what kind of car Sue drove. But if I find out what kind of car she drives tonight or at another time, that'll help. I held off on starting up my car and following Sumner and Sue immediately. Since I had put the combination homing device and bug inside Sumner's car, I wasn't going to have to follow him so closely. I could stay as far out of his sight as I could if I wanted to.

And then there was Sue. Since *she* was going to go out to the factory, too, I was going to have to make sure she doesn't see me following her, too. I looked at my watch. Five eleven.

I decided to wait a few minutes before I start following both Sumner and Sue out to

the factory. This might help. Since I was going to be following both Sumner *and* Sue out to the factory. I continued listening to the radio to the combination bug and homing device inside Sumner's car and watched the screen on the radio and continued keeping track of time.

A few minutes later, I started up my car and pulled away from the curb and into the street and drove down the street. It was time for me to follow Sumner and Sue to the factory and see what was going on over there; I also continued listening in on the radio to the combination bug and homing device inside Sumner's car and watched the screen on the radio and kept track of time.

CHAPTER X

It was completely dark out now. The sky was black and blue, and the moon was big and round and glowing brightly like a well polished diamond, and there were no clouds in the sky.

The building was a few miles south of Bellingham. It was white and one story high.

I stopped when I got closer to the building and saw the arrow on the monitor of the radio to the combination bug and homing device inside Sumner's car get stronger and stronger by flashing faster and faster; I also saw cars parked around the building--including Sumner's car. I saw windows on one side of the building. I saw lights on inside the building. I pulled off of the road and onto the shoulder and parked my car, and then I got out my small radio

dart pistol which had a telescope on it, and then I looked through the telescope and aimed the gun at the building, and then I found a good place on the wall of the building to shoot the radio dart into. Then I shot the gun, and then the radio dart shot out of the gun and into the part of the wall of the building I had wanted the dart to be shot into. Then I put the radio dart gun away, and then I got out the radio to the radio dart and turned it on, and then I put it on the front seat of my car and listened to it, and then I started up my car and pulled back onto the road and drove down it and looked out the rear view mirror of my car. Then I noticed I was completely out of sight of the building. Then I pulled off of the road and onto the shoulder and parked my car here. Then I continued listening to the radio to the radio dart and took my binoculars out of the glove compartment and looked through them at the building and watched the building. I was going to need to watch the

building and listen in on what was going on inside the building until the people there were going to be finished doing whatever it was they were doing inside the building and leave the building. Then I could go into the building and search it and bug it.

I didn't see or hear anything going on outside the building. I only heard what was going on inside the building. Which was one of the people there telling Sumner that some of their customers had come and had paid for and had picked up the items they had wanted and had left. And they had said that they were very pleased about having these items. Then that person told Sumner how much money they had made from this project right now. Then I heard Sumner whistle. Then I heard Sumner tell that person he was very glad to hear how much money they had been making off of this project right now.

"The other items are in the storeroom, ready for the customers to come here and

pay for and get," that person told Sumner.

"Great," Sumner said. "I'll tell them that tomorrow. I don't want to tell them tonight because I really don't want to do anymore business tonight. All I want to do tonight is go home, have a nice hot meal, and go to bed. And I imagine you guys want to do the same."

"Yes, we do."

"Well, you can do that right now. I did say on the phone that all I wanted to do tonight was see how you're doing after I get off work and before we go home. And I'm glad to hear how you're doing."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome. Now we *can* go home right now. I did what I wanted to do."

Then I heard the people walk through the building, and then I saw them walk out of the building so they could get into their cars and leave the building and go home. Sumner was wearing a light brown three piece suit with brown pinstripes and a

yellow shirt and a brown tie and black leather shoes, and Sue was wearing a blue dress and flesh tone stockings and shiny light blue high heel shoes, and the strap of her shiny light blue shoulder strap handbag was resting on her right shoulder, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her purse.

Then I saw Sumner get into his car and start it up, and then I saw him drive away from the building, and I also saw Sue get into her goldenrod Cougar with black hard top and start it up, and then I saw *her* drive away from the building; I also saw the license plate number of her car and got out my voice recorder and recorded the license plate number of her car, and I also saw the other people get into *their* cars and start them up and drive away from the building, and I also saw the license plate numbers of some of *their* cars and recorded *them* on my recorder. I wasn't able to see and record the license plate numbers of all of those cars,

though.

When they were completely out of my sight, I started up *my* car and made a U-turn, and then I drove over to the building, and when I got here, I stopped in front of the building and put the car in park, and then I got out of the car and looked for the number of the address of the building, and I found it, and then I took my notebook and pen out of my pocket and wrote down both the number and street name of the address of the building. I had already found out what street I was on when I had come over here to the building. I had seen the sign that displayed the name of the street as I had driven over here to the building. And this building was on the same street I was on.

After I wrote down the number and street name of the address of the building in my notebook, I put my notebook and pen back into my pocket, and then I got back into the car and took it out of park, and then I drove around to the back of the building

and parked my car here in front of the building. Then I got out of my car and went over to the door. Then I noticed that the lock on the door was a padlock. I got out my gloves and put them on, and then I took my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock, and then I put my lock pick set back into my pocket, and then I took the lock out of the hasp and put it back into the hasp and locked it, and then I opened the door and went into the building and closed the door. After that, I got out my penlight and turned it on and shot the light of the penlight out in front of me so I could see inside. It was dark inside. Then I walked through the building and swept the room with my penlight. Then I got out my voice recorder and recorded what I saw inside the room; tables and tools and some things covered in cloths and against the walls. I wondered about the things covered in cloths and against the walls. I put my voice recorder back into my pocket and walked

over to the things to take the cloths off of them and examine them.

When I got here, I took the cloths off of the items. Then, I stopped suddenly and looked. Some of these items I didn't recognize. The rest of them I did recognize. Some of these items didn't have serial numbers or brand names on them. The rest of the items did have serial numbers and brand names on them. Quickly I took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded what I saw and the serial numbers and brand names that were on some of these items. Then I put my voice recorder back into my pocket and put the cloths back over all of these items. After that, I looked around the rest of the room. I didn't see anything more in this room than what I had already seen. Then, I saw another room. It was locked. And it had a pad lock on it, too. I walked over to the room and took out my lock pick set out of my pocket and picked the lock, and then I put my lock pick set

back into my pocket, and then I took the lock out of the hasp and put it back into the hasp and locked the lock, and then I went into the room. It was dark in *this* room, too. I shot the light of my penlight out in front of me and looked around. Then, I stopped suddenly and looked. There were items against the walls and covered with cloths. I walked over to the items and removed the cloths to look at the items. Then, I stopped suddenly and looked. I stood tall and erect. My gaze became fixed.

Against these walls inside *this* room were the same items I had seen against the walls and covered with cloths in the other room. But, they looked different: the color of these items were different, and there were no serial numbers or brand names on these items. Quickly I took my voice recorder out of my pocket and recorded what I had just seen. After that, I put my voice recorder back into my pocket, and then I put the cloths back over these items, and then I

looked through the rest of the room. Nothing else here. Then I walked out of the room and took out my lock pick set and unlocked the lock and put my lock pick set back into my pocket, and then I took the lock out of the hasp, and then I closed the door, and then I put the lock back into the hasp and locked the door. Then I looked around for a good place to hide a bug in. I found it and walked over to the door and put the bug on top of the frame of the door, and then I opened the door just enough to peek out of it and see if the coast were clear. It was. No one was here. Then, I stepped out of the building and took my lock pick set out of my pocket and unlocked the lock on the hasp, and then I put my lock pick set back into my pocket, and then I took the lock out of the hasp and put it back on the hasp, and then I locked the door, and then I got into my car and started it up, and then I drove around to the other side of the building and looked around to see if the coast here were

clear or not. It was clear. No one was here. Then, I got out of my car and ran over to the radio dart I had shot into the wall of the building and removed it and put it in my pocket, and then I ran back to my car and got into it, and I pulled off of the shoulder and onto the street and drove down the street, going back to town. I wasn't going to need to use the radio dart at the building anymore. That was why I had removed it. Then I took out the radio to the bug I had put inside the building and turned it on and put it on the front seat of my car and listened to it. Even though nothing was going on at the building right now. But, of course, that didn't mean that nothing would happen at the building later. I looked at my watch. 7:01.

When I got as far away from the building that I wanted to be, I pulled off of the road and onto the shoulder and parked my car so I could talk to John and Sheryl on my cell phone. Then I got out my cell phone and

called John and Sheryl and told them what I had done and had discovered tonight, and then we made an appointment for us to meet and talk about what I had done and had discovered tonight. Then we hung up. After that, I looked at my watch again. Seven o-nine.

There wasn't anything else about the investigations I could do tonight. My appointment with John and Sheryl was for nine o'clock tomorrow morning at John's office. I was getting hungry and tired, so I might as well eat and sleep while I had the chance to eat and sleep. So I started up my car and pulled off of the shoulder and onto the road and continued driving back to town.

The Horseshoe was a wonderful restaurant in downtown Bellingham. I had eaten there before. It was one of my favorite places to eat at.

I was here at the Horseshoe now. Sitting at the counter and sipping coffee while I

waited for my order to come; I also wondered about what I had discovered at the building outside Bellingham: some of those items I didn't recognize, and the other items I did recognize, and some of these items didn't have serial numbers or brand names on them, and the rest of the items had serial numbers and brand names on them. But in the other room of the building were the same items, but they were different in color and there were no serial numbers or brand names on the items. It was obvious that these people were making these items look different and have no serial numbers or brand names on them so they won't be found and selling them to their clients. But what I was wondering about was where had these items come from? And why did these people's clients buy them? There had to be a reason for these two things.

My order came, and then I dug right into it: steak and potatoes. Steak: well done. Potatoes: mashed. And I washed the steak

and potatoes down with Coke and more coffee. For dessert I had apple pie a la mode.

I felt better after I had eaten. Now I had more coffee. Then I left a nice tip on the counter and paid the check and left the restaurant and went back to my place.

I was here at my place now. Sitting here inside the living room and watching TV and continued listening in on the building outside Bellingham. But there was nothing going on at the building right now.

At ten o'clock, I turned the TV off and collected the radio to the bug I had put inside the building outside Bellingham, and then I left the living room and went into *my* room and turned on the light, and then I set the alarm clock for a time I wanted to get up at tomorrow, and then I put my gun and the radio to the bug I had planted inside the building outside Bellingham on one of the bedside tables, and then I got undressed, and then I turned off the light and got into bed and went to sleep.

The next day, John and Sheryl and I were here at John's office. I told John and Sheryl what I had done and had discovered at the building outside Bellingham last night and played the recording of everything I had seen inside the building and told Sheryl and John what those items were that were covered up, and why some of them were in one room of the building and covered up, and why the rest of them were in the other room of the building and covered up, and I also told John and Sheryl the serial numbers and brand names of the items I had seen, and then John fed the information on all of these items into his computer.

"Well, that's interesting," John said after he had fed the information on the items into his computer and saw what the information on the items was. "Some of these items aren't for sale. Like this infrared telescope. But these other items, the ones that have brand names and serial numbers on them, like this pocket size wireless lie detector, *are*

for sale, but they're expensive and hard to get. And all of these items are reported missing."

Then, I stopped suddenly, my gaze became fixed. Then, I spoke: "So that has to be it: these people steal these items and stash them inside the building outside Bellingham and remove the serial numbers and brand names on the items that have serial numbers and brand names on them and change the color on the items as well as they change the color of the items that don't have serial numbers or brand names on them, and then they sell all of these items to their customers, people who want these items for themselves. And after they steal and stash the items and remove the serial numbers and brand names on the items that have serial numbers and brand names on them and change the color of the items as well as they change the color of the items that don't have serial numbers or brand names on them, they tell their customers

that these items are ready for them to come and get, and then the customers go out to the building and pay for the items and leave with the items."

"Yeah," John said.

"Yeah. But that place is just a place for stashing the items in at after they steal them, and then they remove the serial numbers and brand names on the items that have serial numbers and brand names on the items and change the color on those items, and change the color of the items that don't have serial numbers or brand names on them, and then the customers to go out to the place and pay for the items and leave with them. They don't place any orders for those items at that place. They place orders for those items at another place."

"Yeah," Sheryl said.

"My guess is that the place that they place the orders for those items at is Special Orders, Inc." I said. "All they have to do is call or go to Sumner when he's at work and

tell them what they want, and then Sumner gets on the phone or goes out to the building and tells the people there what their customers want. Then those people go out and find and steal the items and take them back to the building and remove the serial numbers and brand names from those items that have serial numbers and brand names on them and change the color of those items, and change the color of the items that don't have serial numbers or brand names on them, then they tell Sumner that the items are ready for their customers to come and pay for and collect. Then Sumner gets a hold of the customers and tells them that their orders have been filled and then the customers go out to the building and pay for and collect the items."

"Yeah," John said.

"Makes sense," Sheryl said.

"Yes, it does," I said. "My guess is that those customers, or some of those customers, or some other customers, want to

know what's inside that lead lined room at Dynamics Labs and asked Sumner to find out what's inside that lead lined room, too."

"Yeah," John said. "But when Sumner found out his people couldn't find out what's inside that lead lined room, he told his customers this and his customers told Sumner they understood and agreed to let Sumner tell his people to call off finding out what's inside the lead lined room at Dynamics Labs and they did."

"Yeah," Sheryl said. "but those customers or some of those customers or some other customers want to know what Dr. Corey's working on and asked Sumner to find out what it is that Dr. Corey's working on, also."

"There is that possibility," I said. "And I have a theory about what it is that Dr. Corey's working on: a new kind of X-ray machine: it sees through lead. It has to be that. When I saw that unassembled machine and the lead lined box inside Dr. Corey's basement, I wondered about them. My guess

is that after he assembles the machine, he's going to test the machine to see if it works by shooting the ray from the machine onto the lead lined box. That would explain the box of chocolates I saw inside the box."

"That *is* possible," Sheryl said. "but if Dr. Corey is one of the people who's working on those top secret projects inside the lead lined room at Dynamics Labs, then he won't need to see what's inside the room."

"That's true. So my guess is that he's creating the X-ray machine that sees through lead for the sake of using the X-ray machine that sees through lead on other things and not things at Dynamics Labs. But we don't know if he's going to tell his superiors about this X-ray machine or not. If he *does* tell his superiors he's going to use it to see through other things and not things at Dynamics Labs, then maybe his superiors will use this X-ray machine or have Dr. Corey use it for them. But if he doesn't tell his superiors about the X-ray machine, then

he'll probably use the machine to find out what's inside anything made of lead for himself. He'll probably want to know what's inside that lead lined container, then get his hands on it."

"Maybe," John said. "So we'll have to find out if he *is* going to make an X-ray machine that sees through lead and find out if he *is* going to use it to find out what's inside a lead lined container and find out what he wants to do with the thing inside the lead lined container and for whom he does all of these things for or if he's going to do all of these things for himself."

"Yeah," Sheryl said.

Then I took my notebook out of my pocket and pointed to the address of the building outside Bellingham and told John and Sheryl this was the address of the building and asked John to find out who purchased the building. Maybe knowing who owned the building would help. John got on the computer to find out who had

purchased the building. Then he found out who had purchased the building and told Sheryl and me who had purchased the building: "Sumner."

"Well, that makes sense," I said. "If he bought the building, then only he would have access to it if he has to go to the building for some reason. He wouldn't have to keep someone else from using the building for his purposes."

"Of course," John said.

"Yeah. But I didn't find anything at his place or office that says he purchased the building. Like papers. Which means that he's keeping that evidence of the purchase somewhere else. Maybe in his safety deposit box if he has one. Would be a good place to keep it in. The only person who could get to it is him. But there wouldn't be anything suspicious about his owning this property and having evidence that says he bought the property. He could say he's using the property for any reason. And it wouldn't

arouse suspicion."

"Of course."

"We could do drive by surveillance on the property," Sheryl said.

"Yeah," John said. "No staking out the property since the property's out in the country."

"Of course."

"And Rich has bugged the place, so that'll help."

"Yeah. And we should also investigate Sue MacCready and put her under twenty four hour surveillance and stake out her place and search it and bug it and tap the landline phone there."

"Of course."

"I found out what kind of car she drives and the license plate number of her car when I was out at that building last night," I told Sheryl and John. "I saw her and Sumner and the other people leave the building after they were done there." Then I took my voice recorder out of my pocket and turned it on,

and then John, Sheryl, and I listened to the recording I had made of Sue's car, also saying what kind of car she drove as well as the license plate number of the car, and then John wrote down on the pad on his desk what kind of car Sue drove and the license plate number of her car, and then John got on the computer to find out what we could about Sue. She had been born and raised in Fremont, Michigan. Then she had moved here to Bellingham and had worked at some other places here in Bellingham before she had gone to work at Special Orders, Inc. Out of curiosity we also found out about Sue's bank account. It, too, had lots of money in it. The amount of money she had in *her* account was the same as the others. Then I told Sheryl and John I had also seen the license plate numbers of some of the other cars that belonged to some of the other people who had been at the building last night, and then I played the recording of those license plate numbers, and then John

fed that information into the computer, and then we found out who the owners of those cars were and where they lived and worked. Some of them had lived in other places here in the United States before they had moved here to Bellingham, and the rest of them had lived here in Bellingham all of their lives. Some of them worked at different places here in Bellingham, and the rest of them weren't employed at the moment. None of them worked at Special Orders, Inc. John, Sheryl, and I also looked into their bank accounts. They were the same as the other people's bank accounts: very big. Then John, Sheryl, and I decided that we should investigate *these* people and put *them* under twenty four hour surveillance and stake out *their* places, too.

Then John, Sheryl, and I talked about how we could do all of these things.

CHAPTER XI

It was very dark here in Bellingham right now. The sky was pitch black and blue, and there were no clouds in the sky, and the quarter moon shined brightly like platinum.

Sheryl and I were driving over to Harris's place now. We had followed Harris to see when he was going to go home after staking out Harris's place and after following and watching Dr. Corey. We knew that he wasn't going to stake out Harris's place all night, and follow and watch Dr. Corey all the time knowing that Harris would go home when Dr. Corey had gone to bed. Because of this, there would be no reason for him to continue staking out Dr. Corey's place and continue following and watching Dr. Corey while Dr. Corey was sleeping. Now Sheryl and I arrived here at Harris's place, and then

we pulled up to the curb and a few feet away from Harris's car, which Harris had parked against the curb, and then Sheryl put her emerald green VW fastback in park, and then Sheryl and I looked around to make sure no one was going to see what we were going to do. No one was around. Then I took my gloves out of my pocket and put them on, and then I got out of Sheryl's car and walked over to Harris's car, and then I got out my lock pick and picked the lock of the door of the front seat of Harris's car and opened the door and got into the car, and then I searched the front seat, and then I took a combination bug and homing device out of my pocket and put it underneath the dashboard, and then I got out of the front seat of Harris's car and locked the door of the front seat of the car, and then I unlocked the door of the back seat of the car and opened the door and got into the back seat, and then I looked around here. Then I got out of the car and closed and locked the

door, and then I unlocked the trunk of the car and looked into that. Then I closed and locked the door of the trunk, and then I put my lock pick set back into my pocket, and then I got out my folding knife and opened it up and stabbed one of the rear tires of Harris's car, and then I stabbed one of the front tires of Harris's car, and then I closed the knife and put it back into my pocket and walked back to Sheryl's car and got into it, and then Sheryl and I pulled away from the curb so we could go over to Dr. Corey's place. Then I took out of my pocket the radio to the combination bug and homing device I had put inside Harris's car and turned it on and listened to Harris's car, even though nothing was going on inside Harris's car right now. But, of course, that didn't mean that nothing was going to happen inside his car later; I also told Sheryl what I found out inside Harris's car: nothing.

When Sheryl and I reached Dr. Corey's place, we looked around. We didn't see

anyone else staking out Dr. Corey's place. We didn't expect to, but, just in case, we looked around to see if anyone *were* staking out Dr. Corey's place.

We pulled up to the curb in front of Dr. Corey's place, and then I got out of Sheryl's car and walked up to Dr. Corey's place and knocked on the door. Sheryl remained inside her car and watched Dr. Corey's place and looked around.

Dr. Corey opened the door. He was wearing a white smock and a white shirt, no tie, open collar, and black pants and black leather shoes.

I put my finger in front of my mouth to tell Dr. Corey to be quiet, and then I took my Patrol Insurance investigator's ID out of my pocket and showed it to Dr. Corey and he looked at it, and then I put it back into my pocket, and then I took out of my pocket my notebook and showed Dr. Corey what I had written in it. It read:

YOUR HOUSE IS BUGGED AND YOUR PHONE IS TAPPED. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE INSIDE YOUR HOUSE THE BUG AND THE PHONE TAP ARE.

Then I put my notebook back into my pocket and stepped inside Dr. Corey's house and told Dr. Corey to follow me by motioning with my hand to tell him to follow me. I didn't want to tell Dr. Corey to follow me. I didn't want Harris to hear that. Then I showed Dr. Corey where inside his place the bug and the phone tap were. Then I got out my notebook and turned the next page in the book and showed Dr. Corey what I had written on that page in the book. It read:

NOW COME WITH ME AND WE'LL GO OUTSIDE YOUR PLACE AND GET INTO THE CAR. WE CAN TALK INSIDE THE CAR.

Then I put my notebook back into my pocket, and then Dr. Corey and I stepped out of his house, and then Dr. Corey and I walked over to Sheryl's car and got into the back seat of Sheryl's car, and then I introduced Dr. Corey to Sheryl and Sheryl showed Dr. Corey her FBI ID. Then she put her FBI ID back into her purse. And I told Dr. Corey what Sheryl and her people and Patrol were looking into and what we had discovered so far.

Dr. Corey looked shocked after I had finished. Then I told Dr. Corey what my theory was for what it was he was working on.

"You're right, Mr. Chandler," Dr. Corey confessed after I had finished. "I *am* trying to create an X-ray machine that sees through lead. And if the experiment is a success, I'm going to tell my superiors about it. Maybe *they* could use it as well as *I* could use it. I have no intention of using it to see what's inside that lead lined room at Dynamics

Labs. Not only that, I don't need to see what's inside that room since I'm one of the scientists who's working on those experiments inside that room."

"I see," I said. "Well, if these people see or hear you assembling the X-ray machine and test it, then you discover the X-ray machine is a success, they'll get their hands on it and launder it and sell it to their customers."

"Yes," Sheryl said. "And we're trying to keep that from happening."

"Yes," I said. "What *you* could do to help us keep this from happening is refrain from assembling the X-ray machine and testing it until we capture these people and put them out of business. Call in sick. Say you have a chest cold and you're staying home until the chest cold's gone."

"Yes," Dr. Corey said. "I can do that. And I will. And I will refrain from assembling the X-ray machine and testing it until you capture these people and put them out of

business."

"Good."

"You said that one of these people has been staking out my place as part of their plan to find out what I'm working on."

"That's right."

"Is he here right now?"

"No, he isn't. We made sure of that. I punctured a hole into two of the tires of his car to keep him from coming over here and staking out your place for a while. I wanted to keep him from seeing and hearing Ms Garrett and me talk to you about what we're doing."

"I see."

"Undoubtedly he'll change the tires on his car and come over here to your place and continue staking out your place, thinking that you don't know what happened to his car."

Dr. Corey laughed.

Back here at Harris's place, Harris walked

out of his apartment and over to his car so he could get into it and go over to Dr. Corey's place and continue staking out Dr. Corey's place. Harris was wearing a black T-shirt and brown pants and white tennis shoes. Then, he saw the tires of his car. Then he looked surprised. Then he unlocked the door of the front seat of his car and got into the front seat of his car, and then he took his cell phone out of his pocket and called Wester and told him about the tires.

"What?!" Wester exclaimed after Harris had finished.

"That's right" Harris said. "Two flat tires."

"Two flat tires. Well, I don't think those two flats happened by themselves at the same time. I think they had help."

"I think so, too. But who could have caused those flats? And why?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's that burglar we talked about. The one who got into Dr. Corey's place and did whatever it was he did at Dr. Corey's place after Dr. Corey left his

place and went to work and after you left Dr. Corey's place and followed him. Or maybe it was someone else. My guess is it's the burglar. First he got into Dr. Corey's place and did whatever it was he did there, and then he punctured two of the tires of your car. Both occurrences are connected."

"But why would he get into Dr. Corey's place and do what he did there and puncture two of the tires of my car?"

"Because he's investigating us, but he doesn't want us to know he's investigating us. Somehow he found out what we're doing and decided to look into it. His getting inside Dr. Corey's place and doing whatever it was he did there is one of the ways he's investigating us, and he punctured two of the tires of your car to keep you from putting Dr. Corey under surveillance for some reason, and to keep you from staking out Dr. Corey's place for some reason."

"I see."

"I'm going to call Oren and tell him

about the burglar. He will need to know about the burglar. Then I'll get back to you and tell you what he told me about the burglar."

"All right."

"You get those tires changed and get over to Dr. Corey's place and continue putting Dr. Corey under surveillance and continue staking out his place."

"I'll do that. Anything else, Dirk?"

"No, that's it. Thanks for calling."

"You're welcome. Bye."

"Bye."

Then Harris hung up and put his cell phone back into his pocket.

Back here at Dr. Corey's place, Dr. Corey, Sheryl, and I heard everything that Harris and Wester were talking about on the radio to the combination bug and homing device inside Harris's car.

"Well," I said. "It looks like we kept Harris from coming over here and seeing

and hearing Ms Garrett and me talk to you about what Ms Garrett and her people and Patrol are doing and what we've discovered so far, Dr. Corey."

"Yes, it does," Dr. Corey agreed.

"All *you* have to do now is do what we suggested about refraining from working on your X-ray experiment and pretend you don't know your place is bugged and your phone is tapped until Ms Garrett and her people and Patrol capture these people and put them out of business."

Sheryl looked at her goldplated wrist watch. Then she spoke to Dr. Corey and me again: "Well. I think that's all for now."

I looked at *my* wrist watch, too. Then *I* spoke to Sheryl and Dr. Corey again: "Yes."

"We'll keep in touch," Sheryl told Dr. Corey.

"Good luck on capturing these people and putting them out of business," Dr. Corey said to Sheryl and me.

"Thanks," *I* said. "And if we complete our

assignment successfully, these people will be captured and out of business, and you can resume your X-ray experiment."

"I hope so," Dr. Corey said.

"We hope so, too," I said. "Thanks for letting us talk to you, Dr. Corey."

"You're welcome," Dr. Corey said to Sheryl and me.

Then I got out of the car to let Dr. Corey get out of the car, and then Dr. Corey got out of the car and went back into his place and closed the door, and I closed the door of the back seat of Sheryl's car and got into the front seat of Sheryl's car, and then Sheryl started up her car, and then she and I pulled away from the curb so we could leave Dr. Corey's place and go back to John's office and talk to him.

As we drove down the street to go over to John's office, I got out my cell phone and called John and told him that Sheryl and I had talked to Dr. Corey. After that, we hung up and I put my cell phone back into my

pocket.

Sheryl and I were here at John's office now. Sitting in front of John's desk while John was sitting behind his desk and Sheryl and I told John what Sheryl and Dr. Corey and I had talked about. After that, Sheryl took her cell phone out of her purse and called Shell and him about the discussion that Sheryl and I had had with Dr. Corey, and that we had told John about that discussion, and now she and John and I were going to talk about how we were going to carry out the next plan of action in the mission, and after we do that, she was going to get back to Shell and tell him what the plan of action was, and when we were going to get ready to carry out that plan of action, and then we get ready to carry out the plan of action, and then, we carry out the plan of action. Then Sheryl and Shell hung up, and then Sheryl put her cell phone back into her purse, and then she and John and I started talking about how we could carry out the

plan of action.

A few hours later, Harris was here at a garage. He had gone to the garage and had got the tires on his car replaced after he had talked to Wester. Now he paid for the repairs on the tires of his car, and then he walked out of the garage and over to his car so he could get into his car and drive over to Dr. Corey's place and continue staking out Dr. Corey's place and continue following and watching Dr. Corey whenever Dr. Corey leaves his place.

Harris's cell phone rang. Harris stopped and took his cell phone out of his pocket and said hello.

"Hello. Morgan?"

"Yeah. This is Morgan."

"This is Dirk, Morgan."

"Dirk. How are ya?"

"Fine. You?"

"Fine. I imagine you got those tires changed and you're on your way to continue

putting Dr. Corey under surveillance and continue following and watching Dr. Corey when he leaves his place?"

"Yes. I got the tires on my car changed, and now I'm going over to Dr. Corey's place to continue staking out Dr. Corey's place and to continue following and watching Dr. Corey when he leaves his place."

"Good. I talked to Oren about the burglar. He says we need to find out who the burglar is and what he looks like and find him and find out why he's investigating us. And if we find out his investigating us won't jeopardize what *we're* doing, we leave him alone. But if we find out his investigating us *will* jeopardize what we're doing, we stop him.

CHAPTER XII

Out here in the country outside Bellingham, and here inside the building, the people who worked at other places here in Bellingham and not at Special Orders, Inc., and the rest of the people who weren't employed right now, were getting ready the items their customers wanted for their customers to come and pay for and get; they also talked about how well they were doing at pulling off this operation. That business was doing quite well.

Outside the building, some of John's people and some FBI agents were arriving at the building. They took their binoculars out of the glove compartments of their cars and looked through them at the building. They didn't see anything going on outside the building. They only saw the lights on inside

the building. Which meant that all of the people had to be inside the building and pulling off their operation. John's people and the FBI agents circled the building. One of the FBI agents got out his bullhorn and spoke into it: "You inside the building. This is the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Patrol Insurance. We've got the entire building completely surrounded. Throw out your weapons and come out with your hands up."

John's men and the FBI agents waited. Nothing was going on from inside the building. Then, they saw the door of the building open--and then gunfire appeared. Then John's men and the FBI agents returned fire. Bullets riddled the building.

The same FBI agent who had spoken into the bullhorn before spoke into the bullhorn again: "You inside the building. This is the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Patrol Insurance. As I said, we've got the entire building completely surrounded. So throw

out your weapons and come out with your hands up."

Then, the FBI agents and John's men saw the door of the building open just a crack. Then the man with the wolflike features stuck his head out the door and shouted: "Here's our answer." Then he fired a shot at the FBI agents and John's men.

"O.K." The FBI agent who had spoken on the bullhorn said. "If that's the way you want it."

"That's the way we want it," the man with the wolflike features said. Then he fired another shot at the FBI agents and John's men. And then all of the FBI agents and all of John's men shot back and rushed the building. Then two of them pushed on the door to break it down, and then the door gave way and pushed back, and then all of the FBI agents and all of John's men rushed into the building, and then the people inside the building who were pulling off their operation opened fire on them, and then all

of the FBI agents and all of John's men opened fire on them, and then some of the FBI agents and some of John's men died and fell down to the floor, but all of the people inside the building who pulled off their operation died and fell down to the floor.

"Well," One of the FBI agents said. "They just saved us the job of arresting them."

"Yeah," another FBI agent confirmed.

Then the rest of the FBI agents and the rest of John's men who had survived the gunfight confiscated everything inside the building and took them out to trucks and put them into the trucks and left the building so they could take the items they had confiscated to FBI headquarters.

Here at Coogan's place, Coogan was standing inside his kitchen and sipping his last cup of coffee before he goes to work. Coogan was wearing a blue windbreaker and a yellow polo shirt and blue jeans and white tennis shoes.

He finished his coffee, and then he put

the cup into the sink and ran hot water into the cup, and then he turned the faucet off and went to the front door so he could walk out of it and lock the door and get into his car and go to work.

There was a knock on the front door.

Coogan went to the door and opened it.

Standing outside the door were Burt Taylor and Ted and Tom.

Burt was tall, thin, pale, had slick looking black hair, green eyes, a beak for a nose, a slit for a mouth, and he was wearing a black suit and a white shirt and a black tie and black leather shoes, and Ted was wearing a brown suit and a white shirt and a light green tie and black leather shoes, and Tom was wearing a grayish suit and a white shirt and a burgundy tie and black leather shoes.

"Bret Coogan?" Ted asked.

"Yes," Coogan said. "I'm Bret Coogan."

Then Ted took his FBI ID out of his pocket and showed it to Coogan and told him who he and Tom and Burt were, and

Burt took his Patrol Insurance ID out of his pocket and showed it to Coogan, and then Ted and Burt put their ID's back into their pockets, and then Ted told Coogan he was under arrest and what he was arresting him for.

Coogan looked surprised after Ted had finished. And then Tom took his handcuffs out and put them on Coogan and read Coogan his rights, and then he and Ted and Burt took him out to Ted's light brown Renault, which Ted had parked against the curb here in front of Coogan's place when he and Tom and Burt had come here to Coogan's place to arrest Coogan, so that Ted and Tom and Burt and Coogan could get into Ted's car, and then Ted and Tom and Burt could take Coogan to FBI headquarters.

Here at Wester's place, Wester stepped out of his place and locked the door. He was wearing an off white windbreaker and a yellow shirt and blue jeans and white tennis shoes. Then he turned around so he could

go to his car and get into it and go to work. Then, he stopped and looked and wondered.

Standing in front of him were Shell and Vince and Marla.

Shell was wearing a black suit and a dark charcoal gray shirt and a black tie and black leather shoes, and Vince was wearing a blue suit and a light blue shirt and a red tie and black leather shoes, and Marla wasn't very tall, plump, had long brown hair, brown eyes, a creamy pallor complexion, high cheekbones, a thin beige upper lip, a thick beige lower lip, and she was wearing a long sleeve white shirt with black piping and a black turtleneck sweater and brown pants and black tennis shoes, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her shineless brown shoulder strap handbag, which was resting on her right shoulder.

"Dirk Wester?" Shell asked.

"Yes," Wester answered. "I'm Dirk Wester."

Then Shell took his FBI ID out of his

pocket and showed it to Wester and told him who he and Vince and Marla were, and Marla took her Patrol Insurance ID out of her purse and showed it to Wester, and then Shell put his FBI ID back into his pocket, and Marla put her Patrol Insurance ID back into her purse, and then Shell told Wester he was under arrest and what he was arresting him for.

Wester looked surprised after Shell had finished. Vince got out his handcuffs and handcuffed Wester and read Wester his rights and he and Wester and Shell and Marla went out to Shell's blue Mercedes Bens, which Shell had parked against the curb here in front of Wester's place when he and Vince and Marla had come here to Wester's place to arrest Wester, so that Marla and Vince and Shell and Wester could get into Shell's car, and then Marla and Vince and Shell could take Wester over to FBI headquarters.

Here at Special Orders, Inc., John and

some of his men and some FBI agents came into the reception room of Sumner's office. John was tall, thin, tanned, had short dark hair that was neatly combed away from his forehead, hazel eyes, a swarthy face, and he was wearing a forest green suit and a goldenrod shirt and a black tie and black leather shoes.

Sue was sitting behind her desk and doing some paperwork, and then she looked up when she saw John and his men and the FBI agents come into the reception room.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yes, you can," one of the FBI agents said and showed Sue his FBI ID and told her that he and some of the men with him were FBI agents, and the rest of the men with him were with Patrol Insurance. "You can stand up and put your hands behind your back."

"What?"

Another FBI agent got behind Sue's desk and grabbed a hold of Sue's arm and pulled her up and she stood up, and then that FBI

agent put Sue's hands behind her back and handcuffed her and told her she was under arrest and what he was arresting her for. Sue was wearing a powder blue dress and matching shiny high heel shoes and flesh tone stockings.

Sue looked surprised after the FBI agent had finished telling her she was under arrest and what he was arresting her for. Then that FBI agent read Sue her rights.

John and his men and the other FBI agents went into Sumner's office.

Sumner was sitting behind *his* desk and doing some paperwork, too. Then he looked up when he heard the door to his office open and saw John and his men and the other FBI agents come in.

"Can I help you?" Sumner asked.

"Yes, you can," one of the FBI agents said and identified himself to Sumner and showed his FBI ID to Sumner and told Sumner the other people with him were more FBI agents and the rest of the people

with him were with Patrol Insurance. "You can stand up and put your hands behind your back. You're under arrest." Then that FBI agent told Sumner what he was arresting Sumner for.

Sumner looked surprised after that FBI agent had finished. Another FBI agent got behind Sumner's desk and grabbed a hold of Sumner's arm and pulled Sumner up, and then Sumner stood up, and then that FBI agent put Sumner's hands behind his back and handcuffed Sumner and read Sumner his rights. Sumner was wearing a double breasted dark charcoal gray suit and a white shirt and a silver gray tie and black leather shoes.

After that FBI agent had finished handcuffing Sumner and had finished reading Sumner his rights, he and the rest of the FBI agents and John and his men took Sumner with them and left Sumner's office so they could take Sumner over to FBI headquarters, and the other FBI agents and

the rest of John's men took Sue with them so they could take Sue over to FBI headquarters.

Here at Dr. Corey's place, Harris was inside his car, which he had parked across the street from Dr. Corey's place, and watching Dr. Corey's place. When Wester had called Harris and had told him what Sumner and everyone else were going to do about me, he had also told Harris that Sumner wanted Harris to continue putting Dr. Corey under surveillance and to continue staking out Dr. Corey's place while Sumner and everyone else do what they're going to do about me. Dr. Corey still had to be followed and watched, and his place still had to be staked out, as part of their plan to find out what it was that Dr. Corey was working on. Harris was wearing a brown windbreaker and a white polo shirt and black pants and black tennis shoes.

Then Harris saw Dr. Corey pull out of his driveway and into the street, and then he

saw Dr. Corey put his car into drive and drive down the street. Then Harris started up *his* car so he could follow Dr. Corey.

"You can cut your motor," a voice said.

Harris turned to face the speaker--Sheryl. She had got into Harris's car and held her Browning 9 mm on Harris. She was wearing a navy blue overcoat and a light green turtleneck sweater and matching pants and shiny black high heel shoes, and the strap of her purse was resting on her right shoulder.

"What?" Harris wondered.

"You heard me. You can cut your motor."

Harris cut the motor.

I walked out the front door of Dr. Corey's place and over to Harris's car and got into the back seat of Harris's car and showed Harris the bug he had put inside Dr. Corey's place and the tap he had put inside Dr. Corey's phone and spoke to him: "Well, here they are; the bug you put inside Dr. Corey's place and the tap you put inside Dr. Corey's phone. You won't be using them anymore."

"Why?" Harris asked.

Then Sheryl told him; she also told him he was under arrest and what she was arresting him for, and that she was with the FBI, and she showed Harris her FBI ID, and she also told Harris that I was with Patrol Insurance, and I showed Harris my Patrol Insurance ID to him.

Harris looked surprised after Sheryl had finished. Then, Harris looked at me. Then, he spoke to me: "You--you must be the burglar--you must be the one who got into Dr. Corey's place and did whatever it was you did inside his place after Dr. Corey left his place and went to work and after I left his place and followed him."

I said nothing.

Harris gazed at me.

"You can turn your motor on now," Sheryl told Harris. "It's time to go now."

"Yes," I confirmed. And took *my* gun out of my shoulder holster and tapped the back of Harris's head with the barrel of the gun.

"It *is* time to go."

Then Harris started up his car, and then he and Sheryl and I pulled away from the curb and into the street and drove down the street so that Sheryl and I could take Harris to FBI headquarters and Sheryl read Harris his rights.

Al Tomlinson, another FBI agent, started up his blue Toyota and pulled away from the curb and into the street and drove down the street and followed Sheryl and Harris and me to FBI headquarters. Al and Sheryl and I had driven in Al's car when Al and Sheryl and I had gone over to Dr. Corey's place to arrest Harris.

CHAPTER XIII

A few days later, Jack, John, Sheryl, and I were here at John's office. After John and his men and Sheryl and Ted and Tom and Vince and Shell and the other FBI agents and I had arrested Sumner and Sue and Harris and Wester and Coogan and had taken them to FBI headquarters, we had interrogated them and had found out from the interrogation the names, descriptions, and addresses of the people who were in on the operation to steal, launder, and sell stolen items to people who wanted these items whose cars I hadn't been able to get the license plate numbers of when I had seen them and the rest of the people leave the building that night after Sumer had gone over to the building to see how it was going out there, and then we had found and had arrested these people, and we

had also found out from the interrogation who else was in the operation to steal, launder, and sell stolen items to people who wanted these items: the rest of the people who worked at Special Orders, Inc. After that we found and arrested all of *these* people and closed down the place out in the country where all of these people had conducted the operation to steal, launder, and sell stolen items to people who wanted these items, and we had also closed down Special Orders, Inc. We also found out from this interrogation who the people were who had got the stolen items from the people who had conducted the operation to steal, launder, and sell stolen items to people who wanted these items and had found them and had arrested them and had returned the stolen items to their rightful owners. Now the operation to steal, launder, and sell stolen items to people wanted these items was out of business. And after our investigations were over, Jack, John, Sheryl,

and I had agreed on where and when to meet so that Sheryl and John and I could tell Jack about what we had done and had discovered in our investigations. Now Sheryl, John, and I were telling Jack about what Sheryl and her people and John and the rest of the Patrol investigators and I had done and had discovered in our investigations.

"Wow!" Jack said after we had finished. "That's really something."

"Yes, it is," I said.

"Yeah," Sheryl confirmed.

"Yeah," John confirmed.

"Yeah," Jack repeated. "Especially the operation to steal, launder, and sell these things to people who wanted these things. Yeah. And I find the project that Dr. Corey is working on interesting, too: an X-ray machine that can see through lead."

"Yeah," John said. "But we can't tell anyone about it. Dr. Corey wants to be the one to tell people about it. And it so happens he did, and I recorded the announcement off

TV. It was on TV." Then John took the remote control out of the top side drawer of his desk and turned the TV on, and then he pressed MY DVR button on the remote control, and then he came to the selection of programs he had recorded and scrolled down to the program he wanted to play and highlighted it, and then he hit enter, and then the program appeared on the screen. Then John, Sheryl, Jack, and I watched the program. It showed Dr. Corey showing his X-ray machine to people and telling the people what the X-ray machine can do. Then he aimed the X-ray machine at the small lead lined box, and then he flicked a couple of switches on the X-ray machine, and then a ray came out of the X-ray machine and hit the box. Now we were seeing the X-ray machine seeing what was inside the lead lined box: the box of chocolates. Then Dr. Corey turned the X-ray machine off and opened up the box and took the box of chocolates out of the box and showed it to

the people. And then Dr. Corey took chocolate drops out of the box and ate them. Then that was the end of the program. Then John saved the program and turned the TV off and put the remote control back into the same drawer he had taken it out of. Then he spoke to Sheryl and Jack and me: "Well, that's the way it is."

"Yeah," I said, smiling.

"Yeah," Jack said. He smiled, too. "And to think that Sumner and his people could have found out about the X-ray machine and stolen it and used it to see what's inside the lead line room at Dynamics Labs or see inside something else or both. Or they could have found out about the X-ray machine and stolen it and laundered it and sold it to someone who wanted it."

"Yeah," I said. "But they didn't do any of those things. And they can't now."

"That's for sure," John confirmed. "Now that they're in jail, and then they'll be in prison."

"Yeah," Sheryl confirmed. "And they're in jail for Dean's murder, too, and then they'll be in prison for Dean's murder, also."

"Yeah. I'm sorry about your friend."

"So am I," I said.

"So am I," Jack said.

Sheryl smiled at Jack and John and me and spoke to us: "Thank you."

"You're welcome," John said.

"He'll be missed," Sheryl said.

"Thank you for looking into that conversation I overheard and what you did about it, Rich, John, Ms Garrett."

"You're welcome, Jack," John said to him.

"You're welcome, Jack," I said to him.

"You're welcome, Mr. Higgins," Sheryl said to him.

John was penning his way through some papers now, and Jack, Sheryl, and I were walking out of John's office now. The meeting was over now. It was time now for us to resume doing our respective jobs.

Jack was wearing a sliver gray suit and a

blue shirt and a red and black stripe tie and black leather shoes, and Sheryl was wearing a black waistlength coat and matching tight fitting skirt and a white blouse and flesh tone stockings and shiny black high heel shoes, and the strap of her purse was resting on her right shoulder, and her right hand was grasping the strap of her purse.

Jack, Sheryl, and I were here outside John's office and walking down the hall now.

Jack reached the elevator and took it down to the floor *his* department was on so he could go back to work, and Sheryl and I were walking over to the elevator so we could take it down to the ground floor and leave Patrol and go somewhere and have lunch. We hadn't eaten yet. So we decided we'd better eat while we had the chance to eat. We didn't know when we were going to get the chance to eat again. We also decided on where to have lunch.

And as we walked down the hall, Sheryl put her arm around my waist, and *I* put *my*

arm around *Sheryl's* waist.